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REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

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A ROYAL PORTRAIT OF SPECIAL INTEREST IN THE SARGENT MEMORIAL EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY:
"H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK"—A CHARCOAL DRAWING BY THE LATE JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A.

The Exhibition of works by that great painter, the late John S. Sargent, R.A., opened at the Royal Academy (as its forty-ninth winter exhibition) on January 14, is one of the most memorable collections of pictures by a single hand that has ever been seen at Burlington House. It fills ten

galleries and has been insured, it is said, for £600,000. The collection is almost complete, the chief exceptions being the Marlborough Sargents at Blenheim Palace and a portrait of Frances Countess of Warwick. Further examples from the Exhibition appear on five other pages in this number.

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By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HAVE recently been reading a book on the mysterious affair of the poisoning of Overbury in the reign of James I. I knew the outline of the story, of course, or at any rate of the story that is commonly told. For it seems possible that the terrible secret of the murder of this man was simply that he was not murdered. He was not a very pleasant man, and there are a good many other unpleasant people of whom we can say the same: that a cloud of mystery covers the real explanation of their not being murdered. We can hardly count the mystery of why James I. himself was not murdered, for several people, I think, are supposed to have done their best to supply this long-felt want. There was Guy Fawkes, for one. The brothers Ruthven, in the Gowrie Conspiracy, were said to have made a spirited attempt to wipe away this reproach of neglect and inactivity from the Scottish scutcheon. But the Gowrie affair was like the Overbury affair in one respect—indeed, it was rather typical of the time. There was such an atmosphere of criminality that it is quite difficult to find out if there was any crime. The air of the age was so thick with conspiracies that about three-quarters of them were conspiracies to invent conspiracies. Between the false plots and the real plots, and the real plots intended to manufacture false plots, the whole story of this reign is strangely dark and bewildering.

But I was delighted to read this particular development in detail of the old story as I have always heard it, and that for three or four reasons. First, I enjoy it because the new study of it is written by Judge Parry, every word of whose works I always enjoy; for, whether they are the most light-headed nonsense or the most hard-headed sense, they are always (as they used to say in the eighteenth century) an honour to his head and heart (the book is published by Fisher Unwin). Second, because I am very fond of detective stories, and some of these historical mysteries have every charm and virtue of a detective story, with the additional beauty of containing no detectives. Third, I enjoy it because, while giving my deepest and worthiest powers to the reading of detective stories, I have not disdained altogether those lighter relaxations like history and biography on which men like Judge Parry and Andrew Lang have unbent their minds. And fourth, I especially enjoyed it because it raises one or two general reflections about history and that historical period which, though apparently obvious, have been left curiously obscure.

I suppose everybody knows the substance of the story. Overbury was a scholar and courtier on the make—rather in the same style as his contemporary Bacon, without the greatness, though not without the smallness, of Bacon. He was at once a sort of bear-leader and toad-eater to King James's favourite Carr, afterwards Lord Somerset. There was a love affair

between Carr and the beautiful Frances Howard, married to Lord Essex, from whom she sought and eventually obtained a divorce in order to marry her lover. Overbury seems to have helped the love affair, but been rather mysteriously shocked at the marriage; it is suggested that he could have stopped it, and was threatening or blackmailing Carr and his bride. Anyhow, he was put in the Tower and died there; and some time afterwards the Carrs were arrested for having had him poisoned, the great names of Bacon and Coke appearing among their prosecutors. There seems to have been a good deal of evidence that Frances and some foes of Overbury, with certain shady quacks, had played about with poisons (not to mention witchcraft) directed against him, but not much evidence that the poison ever reached him. There does not seem to be any evidence at all that poor Somerset knew of it; and when they were both pardoned he never spoke to his wife again. The fact that they were pardoned, and the still more sinister fact of the King's delays and fears lest Somerset

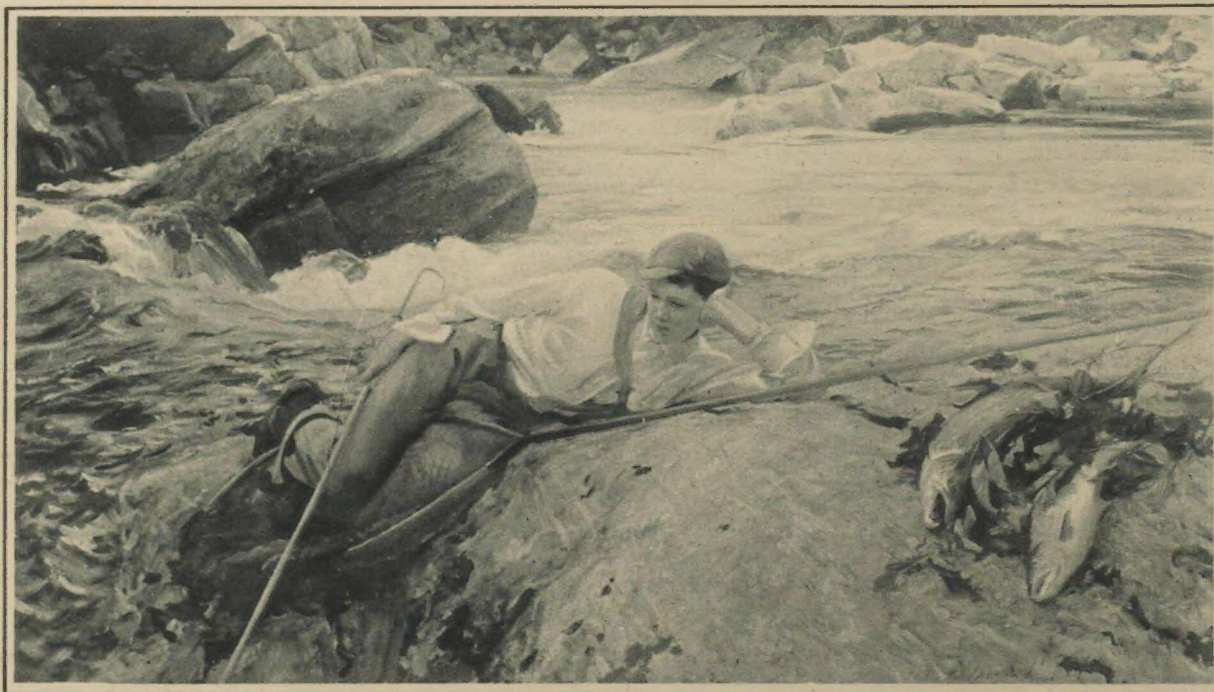
was not only ready to turn it against the old religion, but actually tried to turn it against the Court. He suggested a crazy Court scandal about the poisoning of the Prince of Wales, who had been in some sense the leader of Coke's party. That the task was taken from the violent Coke and given to the careful Bacon suggests that, in some, the movement already pointed beyond any particular royal favourite and ultimately at royalty itself. It was the first act of the tragedy of the Stuarts.

We might almost say that the poisoning of Overbury stood in the same relation to the Civil War as the affair of the Diamond Necklace stood to the French Revolution. In both cases there was some rational ground for suspicion and a great deal of very irrational behaviour in people who were probably innocent. In both cases adventurers of a blackmailing sort managed to discredit their magnificent patrons, whose folly was literally an incredible folly, in the sense that most people could not believe it was

anything but knavery. Probably the British Crown was never quite the same again after the blood-curdling mutterings of Coke, just as the French Crown was never quite the same again after the horrible and haunting screams of Madame La Motte.

Now one of the many morals that I would draw from this study is a moral seldom noted and much needed—a protest against the fragmentary character of popular history. Most educated people know history in selected sections. Very few have any notion of the continuous trunk apart from these truncations. They hear of Charles I.; but it is not only Charles I. who is chopped in two. His Age also is amputated; his Age has its head cut off, and often also its tail cut off. People do not know the beginning

of the story, the prologue to the drama of Roundhead and Cavalier. For instance, of the thousand things that have been said for and against Charles I., how often has there been any mention of Prince Henry, his elder brother, a figure equally picturesque and much more popular. Yet his death was probably a turning point; that is why it was attributed to poison. And it makes a good deal of difference to a man, especially a man like Charles I., that he was the younger, graver, and less popular brother, and came to the throne almost as a second-best or a stop-gap. Men would understand the story of Cromwell and Charles I. far better if they had read the story of Overbury and Somerset. And for that reason, if for no other, we should be thankful when people who write as well as Judge Parry turn their pens to these problems, that seem so obscure and are often so important. In many cases, and I suspect in this one, the people were right in their feelings and wrong in their facts; and rulers who had committed every other crime were finally punished for some crime they did not commit.



"ON HIS HOLIDAYS," BY THE LATE JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A.: ONE OF OVER 600 WORKS BY THAT FAMOUS PAINTER IN THE MEMORIAL EXHIBITION JUST OPENED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

As noted on our front page, where we give Sargent's drawing of the Duchess of York, the Memorial Exhibition of his works was opened at Burlington House on January 14. Mr. John S. Sargent, who died last year, was born in 1856. He became an A.R.A. in 1894, and an R.A. in 1897. Further examples from the exhibition are reproduced on four other pages in this number.

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should reveal something (nobody knows exactly what) is the blackest part of a black business. Judge Parry dwells finely on the irony of the figure of the placid Court physician, the one man who knew the truth, and died long afterwards without telling it. He had not been called on to testify.

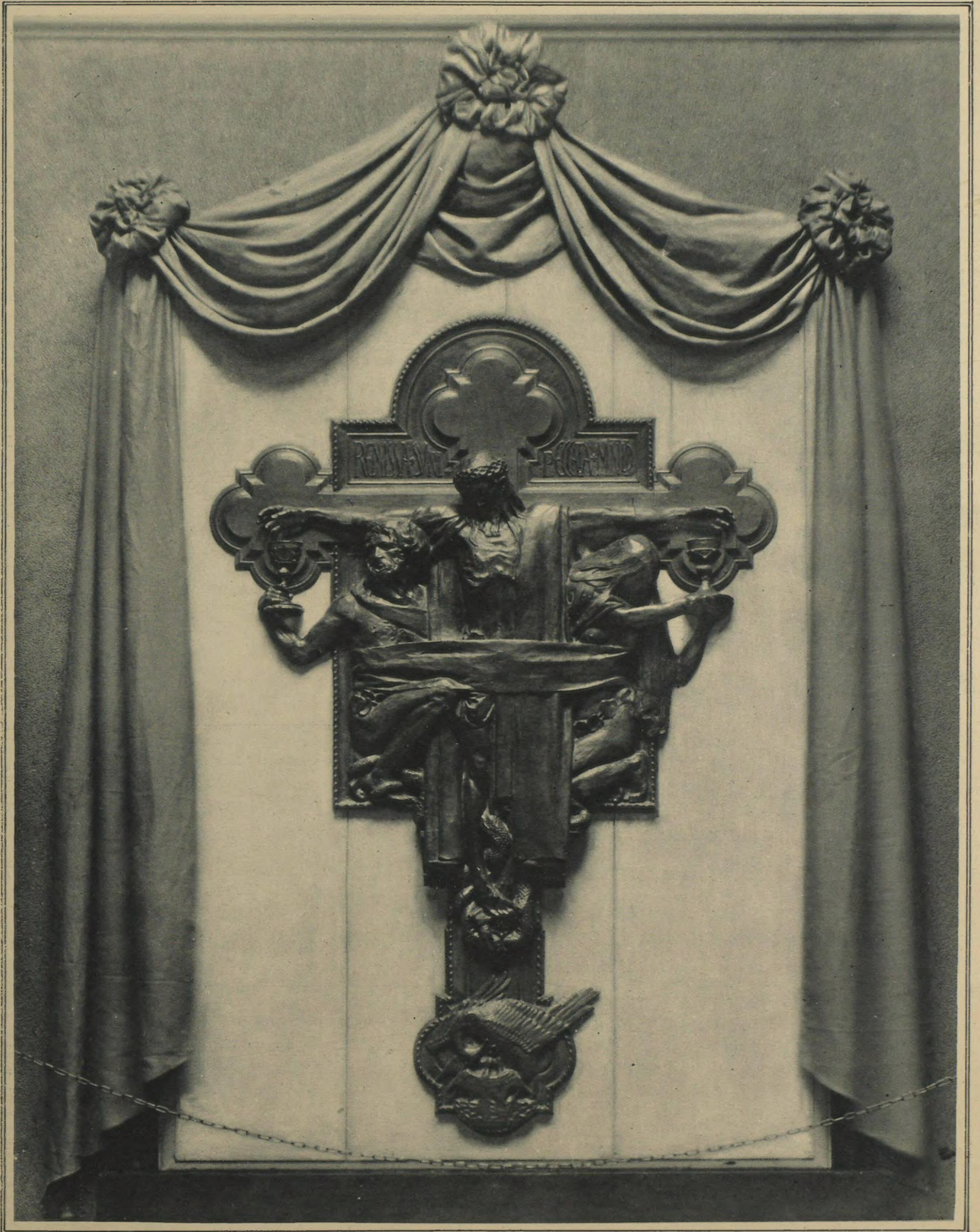
The truth is, I fancy, that just as there was a great deal of sham witchcraft and a little real witchcraft, just as there was a great deal of sham plotting and a little real plotting, so there was a great deal of sham poison and a little real poison. But it would seem that all this more or less obscure hocus-pocus was exaggerated and extended so as to cover Somerset, by one of those big political scares that generally have a political motive. The political motive, in the immediate sense, was that of overthrowing the old power of Somerset and setting up the new power of Buckingham. But I strongly suspect, reading between the lines, that there was a larger political movement, which became in time very large and political indeed. Coke, a fanatic and a man with a No-Popery panic,

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THE SARGENT EXHIBITION AT THE ACADEMY: A GIFT TO ST. PAUL'S.

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INCLUDED IN THE SARGENT EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, AND AFTERWARDS TO BE PLACED AS A MEMORIAL TO HIM IN ST. PAUL'S: "THE REDEMPTION"—A SCULPTURED BRONZE CRUCIFIX, PRESENTED BY SARGENT'S SISTERS.

This beautiful bronze crucifix designed by the late John S. Sargent, R.A., and entitled "The Redemption," is included in the section of sculpture and architecture (placed in the central hall at Burlington House) of the Royal Academy's memorial exhibition of his works. The catalogue states that it "has been given by the artist's sisters, and will be erected by the Royal Academy, as a memorial of him, in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral." It will there be placed in a

recess of the wall near the graves of the musicians Parry and Sullivan, and facing the Painters' Corner. The crucifix represents Christ with a figure on either side holding a chalice, and bears the inscription, "Remissa sunt peccata mundi" (the sins of the world are forgiven). It was originally designed for the Public Library at Boston, U.S.A., as one of a series of pictures and symbols representing the history of religion.

THE SARGENT EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: NOTABLE PORTRAITS.

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"THE DUCHESS
OF PORTLAND."

By Permission of
the Duke of
Portland, K.G.



"LADY AGNEW OF LOCHNAW."

By Courtesy of the National Gallery of Scotland.



"THE COUNTESS OF ROCKSAVAGE" (NOW THE
MARCHIONESS OF CHOLMONDELEY).

By Permission of the Marchioness of Cholmondeley.



"THE MISSES HUNTER."

By Permission of Mrs. Charles Hunter.

On this and two succeeding pages we reproduce some of the most notable portraits by the late John Sargent included in the Memorial Exhibition of his works just opened at Burlington House. The portrait of the Duchess of Portland was first shown in the Royal Academy of 1902; and that of Lady Agnew of Lochnaw

in 1893. The portrait of the Marchioness of Cholmondeley, which is inscribed "To Sybil, from her friend, John S. Sargent, 1913," was in the Academy of 1914; and that of the Misses Hunter in the 1902 exhibition. Sargent's later portrait of Lady Cholmondeley is reproduced on page 86.

THE SARGENT EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: NOTABLE PORTRAITS.

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"MASTER SKENE KEITH."
By Permission of T. Skene Keith, Esq., M.B.



"CORA COUNTESS OF STRAFFORD."
By Permission of Cora Countess of Strafford.



"MRS. CARL
(NOW LADY)
MEYER AND
CHILDREN."
By Permission of
Adèle Lady Meyer.



"THE LADY HELEN VINCENT" (NOW THE VISCOUNTESS D'ABERNON).
By Permission of the Viscount D'Abernon, G.C.M.G.

The portrait of Master Skene Keith is inscribed "To my friend, Mrs. Keith. John S. Sargent, 1892." That of Lady Meyer and her children, signed and dated 1896, was shown in the Royal Academy of the following year. The portrait of Cora Countess of Strafford was painted in 1908. That of Lady D'Abernon was

painted at Venice in 1904. Her husband, Lord D'Abernon, recently the British Ambassador in Berlin, was at that time known as Sir Edgar Vincent, while she was Lady Helen Vincent. She is a daughter of the first Earl of Feversham, and her marriage took place in 1890.

THE SARGENT EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: NOTABLE PORTRAITS.

FROM THE PAINTINGS BY THE LATE JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A. COPYRIGHT RESERVED FOR OWNERS BY WALTER JUDD, LTD.



"THE COUNTESS OF ROCKSAVAGE" (NOW THE MARCHIONESS OF CHOLMONDELEY).
By Permission of Sir Philip Sassoon, Bt.



"LADY SASSOON."
By Permission of Sir Philip Sassoon, Bt.



"THE LADY EVELYN CAVENDISH" (NOW DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE).
By Courtesy of the Duke of Devonshire.



"MRS. GARRETT ANDERSON, M.D."
By Permission of Sir Alan Anderson.



"MISS VIOLET SARGENT" (NOW MRS. ORMOND).
By Permission of Miss Sargent.

The above portrait of the Marchioness of Cholmondeley, who is a sister of Sir Philip Sassoon, is signed and dated "John S. Sargent, 1922," and is thus nine years later than the other portrait of her in the Academy exhibition of his works,

reproduced on a previous page. The portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire was painted in 1902, and shown in the Academy of the following year. That of Mrs. Ormond is inscribed "To Emily with a Merry Xmas, John S. Sargent."

THE BRITISH SKI CHAMPIONSHIP: THE LONG STRAIGHT COURSE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GABRIEL AND E. GYGER (ADELBODEN).



CHOSEN FOR THE STRAIGHT LONG-DISTANCE RUN IN THE BRITISH SKI CHAMPIONSHIP OWING TO INSUFFICIENCY OF SNOW AT GSTAAD: THE FAMOUS SKI-FIELDS OF SCHEIDEGG, ABOVE WENGEN, ON THE SLOPES OF THE LAUBERHORN, IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND.



WHERE AN OXFORD BLUE WON THE STRAIGHT RUN AT THE BRITISH SKI MEETING: THE SCHEIDEGG SLOPES—SHOWING THE VILLAGE OF SCHEIDEGG AND ITS HOTEL (CENTRE FOREGROUND), WITH A MAGNIFICENT VIEW OF TWO GREAT PEAKS—THE EIGER (LEFT) AND MÖNCH (RIGHT).

"The annual championship meeting of the British Ski Club," writes Mr. Edward Long, who was present, "was held this year partly at Gstaad and partly at Wengen—the snow conditions at the former place being suitable only for the contest in form and style. For the straight long-distance run, which requires a descent of from 3000 to 4000 feet, recourse was had to the famous skiing grounds of the Scheidegg. They are the favourite resort of skiers from Wengen, just above which they lie—at the foot of the Lauberhorn and facing the Eiger, Mönch, and Jungfrau mountains, the wildest of Alpine winter scenery. Electric trains run up frequently from Wengen. The course chosen was between 3½ and 4 miles in length, with a total descent of 3600

feet, and, starting from the summit of the Lauberhorn, ran, with many sharp twists and turns, through Scheidegg, near the Bellevue Hotel, and down over the snow-covered pastures of Postiglen and Nettle, to the edge of Itramen Wood, just by Alpigen, above the Grindelwald Valley. . . . The winner was W. E. R. Mackintosh, the Oxford Blue. L. Dobbs and W. Dobbs (brothers), of Wengen, were second and third respectively. The winner's time was 10 minutes 26 seconds. The order in the Form and Style contest was W. Dobbs, first; W. R. Bracken, second; H. D'Egville, third; and L. Dobbs, fourth. In spite of his fine performance in the straight run, Mackintosh lost the championship—to W. Dobbs, L. Dobbs being runner-up."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THOUGH the modern book world becomes every day more and more urban in its habits, books on open-air pursuits appear to be more and more popular. From the arm-chair, through the medium of print and picture, one can enjoy, in imagination, every phase of physical activity.

I have before me this week four notable volumes that exemplify the above remark. The first is "ARGONAUTS OF THE SOUTH," by Captain Frank Hurley, being a Narrative of Voyagings in Polar Seas and Adventures in the Antarctic with Sir Douglas Mawson and Sir Ernest Shackleton, with seventy-five illustrations and maps (Putnam's Sons; 21s. net.) Once the book has been begun, the reader will forget any troubles of his own, to revel in this well-told tale of hardships borne and dangers braved—a tale more thrilling than any "adventure story" of fiction.

Captain Hurley was official photographer on two famous Antarctic expeditions—first in the *Aurora* with Mawson, and then with Shackleton in the *Endurance*. He thus had unique opportunities for practising the craft of the camera, of which he is a master. In the present volume he gives us the human side of the two adventures; for the scientific detail he refers the reader to "the admirable official records." His experiences included five months spent beneath an upturned boat on Elephant Island, where he was one of the twenty-two men of the Shackleton party left marooned while the leader, with five others, in quest of relief, made that perilous voyage of 750 miles to South Georgia in a small boat "across the most tempestuous ocean in the world." This heroic forlorn hope, as all the world knows, succeeded.

The rescued men returned to civilisation, in South America, only to find that they must exchange a struggle with the forces of nature for one with the enemies of their country, which had just begun when they set out. "To us, who had been completely isolated for the most sensational twenty-two months of the world's history, the news we had to learn was staggering. That the war could still be raging in Europe was amazing, but the terrible impression and shock created by its horrors and fiendish scientific developments can scarcely be realised. We looked at the files of illustrated papers aghast." After much fêting and hero-worship, they crossed the Andes to Argentina, where they enjoyed further "gorgeous hospitality," and then sailed for Liverpool.

It was Captain Hurley's "first sight of Old England," for he is an Australian, and soon he experienced a first night in London that was startlingly different from what he had expected. "How secure and comfortable my bed seemed compared with the shivering bivouac on the ice-floes. Suddenly I heard whistles blowing in the streets. . . . It dawned on me that an air raid on London was in progress. . . . A terrific explosion in a neighbouring street violently shook the hotel. There was a crashing of splintered glass, followed by further explosions and heartrending sounds. Bitter thoughts came to my mind. This madness was the civilisation we had been yearning to return to. Far friendlier were the ice-floes even in their cruellest moods. Yet a few weeks later, and the Shackleton party to a man had rallied to arms in the fields of France and Flanders."

So ends the story. At its beginning, in a few youthful reminiscences, Captain Hurley shows that he was marked out by temperament for a life of adventure and romance. He began by running away from school at Sydney, playing stowaway on a goods train bound for the Blue Mountains. Later he returned to Sydney, took up photography, and, "because of his importunity," obtained that post with the Mawson expedition which "threw open the golden door of adventure." The second call to the white wild came without asking. After Mawson's return Captain Hurley had started for the tropical north of his native continent. "Man," he writes, "is a discontented creature. When he is hot he wants to be cold, and when he is cold he wants to be hot." At Burketown, a small remote outpost, he received "an urgent cable" from Sir Ernest Shackleton offering him the post of official photographer on the *Endurance*. He motored back to Sydney over two thousand miles of bush track, and in six weeks joined the ship at Buenos Aires.

Vivid pen-pictures of life in the bush and remote outposts of "the great lone land" occur in "A WALK-ABOUT IN AUSTRALIA," by Philippa Bridges, with a Foreword by Lieutenant-General Sir Tom Bridges, Governor of South Australia, and thirty-eight photographs by the Authoress (Hodder and Stoughton; 16s. net). This is a chatty and informing book marked by a strong sense of humour, acute

observation, and an uncommon power of terse description. At first, I am bound to say, I felt a sense of irritation, from an inability to pin the author down to time and place. I felt hopelessly vague as to where she started and whither she was going. No chart of her travels is given, and it was only by poring on my atlas that I got the drift of her narrative. I notice that a fellow critic avoids the difficulty by saying: "Exactly where Miss Bridges went is of no moment." Now I cannot feel like that. In reading a book of travel, I like to be able to follow the traveller's course on a map. Moreover, a reviewer whose duty is to explain to prospective readers what a book is about, and has but a few hours in which to assimilate and summarise what the author may have taken weeks or months to write, is grateful for a few "signposts."

The title does not quite cover the scope of the writer's journeyings. In the first place, she was by no means always on foot, but travelled also by ship, motor-car, horseback, and camelback. In the second place, she was by no means

the bush beyond the reach of schools: they threaten one day to become a problem. Half-way through the book we reach the story of the author's great south-to-north trans-continental trek from Adelaide to Darwin. This is where she gives so many picturesque sketches of the remote bush and its people, white, black, and half-caste. At one place she mentions meeting the first white woman she had seen for eleven days.

During her journey she was struck with the fact that Australians are "so English." "My wayside friends," she concludes, "entertained just a tired traveller, but I was meeting staunch, loyal types of the sons of the Empire, keenly alive, thinkers, and men of action. I felt the bond that united us at the first hand-clasp, and when I found—as I very frequently did find—that they had fought in the war, of course the bond was doubly strong." In his preface, Sir Tom Bridges, who does not state what (if any) is his relationship to the author, points out the vital importance of peopling Australia, "the only great inhabitable country still unoccupied," with a white population and increased "man-power of the right kind."

From the adventures of a "walk-about," or, as the Americans put it, "an ankle-tourist," we pass by an easy transition to another form of locomotion in "FAMOUS GENTLEMAN RIDERS AT HOME AND ABROAD," by Charles A. Voigt. With 24 illustrations (Hutchinson; 24s. net). These short and chatty biographical sketches, of which there are over a hundred, are full of racing lore and records, mingled with much pleasant anecdote, and will without doubt be read with great interest in the sporting world. The articles which make up the book appeared originally in a provincial weekly, and the author's object, he says, was "to provide the present and future generations with a handy and inexpensive volume for reference. . . . In chronicling the deeds of my many heroes I have not solely confined myself to their doings on the turf, but also to their prowess and achievements in the hunting-field and other manly sport, not forgetting what the French call *les jeux de hasard et de l'amour*." Mr. Voigt has abundant material on which to draw for another book of the same sort, for which I should think there would be much demand. Among various authorities acknowledged as sources of information is the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*. The frontispiece is a photograph of that "Prince of Gentleman Riders," the Prince of Wales, and other illustrations include caricatures of King Alfonso, Lord Lansdowne, and George Edwardes, of Gaiety fame. An appendix gives the winners of the Grand National (here called the Grand Liverpool Steeplechase) from 1839, and, from various dates, of the Grand Steeplechase de Paris, the Grand Military Gold Cup, and the old Baden Hunt Steeplechase.

Whatever be the thrills of the horseman in chasing and hunting, they do not surpass those to be enjoyed on Shanks's pony when that surefooted animal is set at a precipice. The joys of climbing, as well as the more immediately topical joys of skiing and other winter sport, find fascinating expression in "THE MOUNTAINS OF YOUTH," by Arnold Lunn. With eighteen illustrations (Oxford University Press; 10s. 6d. net). The author of "The Harrovians," who has written several books on Alpine skiing, here gives us his personal recollections of mountaineering from the days of his childhood onward, accompanied by impressive photographs printed in a blue ink that makes them very realistic.

The scene is laid mostly in Switzerland, but he describes also a memorable ascent of Etna, skiing and sledging experiences in Norway, and rock-climbing in Wales. There in 1909 he had an escape which, to judge by the photograph of the spot, seems miraculous. A large lump of rock suddenly broke away from the cliff on the Table of Cyfrwy, carrying him with it, and he landed on a ledge 100 ft. below with a broken leg. Two years later he was back at the same spot. "But, do what I would, I could not regain the old careless confidence . . . the hair of the dog which bit me failed to work the traditional cure, and when at last I reached the ledge on to which I had fallen, I began to wonder whether I should ever enjoy rock climbing again."

Mr. Lunn was one of the pioneers in Switzerland of the now highly popular sport of skiing, and in the chapter called "The Oberland from End to End," he describes what was then a remarkable achievement. Later he negotiated the Eiger on ski, "a magnificent expedition," which forms the subject of his penultimate chapter. Finally, he explores, by way of retrospect, the psychology of climbing and the unending lure of the heights. C. E. B.



ASSOCIATED WITH A FAMOUS ROMANCE, AND NOW TO BE OCCUPIED BY THE DUKE OF RUTLAND (ITS OWNER) AFTER BEING VACANT FOR OVER A CENTURY: HADDON HALL, THE HISTORIC HOME OF DOROTHY VERNON. A note on Haddon Hall and the new phase in its romantic history is given with further photographs on the opposite page. Photographs of the Rutland family there appear on page 108.

Photographs by Will F. Taylor, supplied by Underwood Press Service.

always in Australia. The book, in fact, describes three distinct journeys. It opens with a voyage by steamer, from some port unnamed, along the east coast of Queensland between the shore and the Great Barrier Reef, to Thursday Island, off the extreme northern point of that pinnacle-shaped peninsula, thrusting up into the Torres



THE SCENE OF SULLIVAN'S ROMANTIC OPERA (NAMED AFTER IT) WHICH MIGHT APPROPRIATELY BE REVIVED: HADDON HALL—A WINTER ASPECT.

Sullivan's romantic opera, "Haddon Hall," to a libretto by Sydney Grundy, was the composer's first work after his quarrel with Gilbert, and was originally produced at the Savoy on September 24, 1892. It contains characteristically tuneful music, and, in view of the coming change in the fortunes of the old mansion, its revival in London would be very appropriate.

Strait. From Thursday Island Miss Bridges crossed to Papua (alias New Guinea), and, after "walking about" there, sailed to various other islands, including "the Bismarck Archipelago," and thence to Sydney, via the Solomon Islands.

The next chapter takes us to Tasmania. Here, it may be recalled, the aborigines were exterminated by the early settlers. Miss Bridges mentions the interesting fact, which looks like a stroke of Nemesis, that now there is a "wild white tribe" in the heart of the island, a gipsy-like clan multiplying very rapidly, and moving ever further into

A SCENE OF SULLIVAN OPERA: HADDON HALL—ITS NEW PHASE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILL F. TAYLOR, SUPPLIED BY UNDERWOOD PRESS SERVICE. (SEE ALSO PAGES 88 AND 108.)



WHERE THE "KING OF THE PEAK," SIR GEORGE VERNON, DOROTHY'S FATHER, ONCE DISPENSED PRINCELY HOSPITALITY: THE HALL OF HADDON HALL, WITH ITS MINSTRELS' GALLERY.



SAID TO HAVE BEEN CROSSED BY DOROTHY VERNON WHEN SHE ELOPED FROM HADDON HALL WITH JOHN MANNERS, AN ANCESTOR OF THE DUKE OF RUTLAND: THE DOROTHY VERNON BRIDGE OVER THE WYE.



NOW BEING PREPARED FOR RESIDENCE BY ITS OWNER, THE DUKE OF RUTLAND: HADDON HALL—A DOORWAY INTO THE LONG GALLERY, OR BALL-ROOM, SHOWING THE OAK PANELLING.



DATING PARTLY FROM NORMAN TIMES, WHEN WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR GAVE THE MANOR TO HIS NATURAL SON, "PEVERIL OF THE PEAK," IMMORTALISED BY SCOTT: HADDON HALL.

Haddon Hall, the beautiful and famous Tudor mansion beside the Derbyshire Wye, near Bakewell, after having remained empty for over one hundred years, but kept in a good state of repair, is now being made ready for occupation by its owner, the Duke of Rutland, who expects to go into residence there next year. This summer the house, which has been a favourite resort of tourists, will be closed to the public, while extensive alterations are made, and a water-supply installed. At the time of Domesday Haddon belonged to a relative of the Earls of Derby, Henry de Ferrars, but the Conqueror

gave the manor to his natural son, William Peveril, the "Peveril of the Peak" of Scott's novel. In Stephen's reign the estate reverted to the Crown and was granted to the Avenalls, from whom it passed by marriage to the Vernons. The last of them, Sir George Vernon, who died in 1567, was known from his hospitality as "King of the Peak." His daughter Dorothy eloped with John Manners, son of the Earl of Rutland, and Haddon Hall passed into its present ownership. This romance is best known through Sullivan's opera, "Haddon Hall," which might very well be revived in London, for it has great charm.

THE DUNE DWELLERS OF MONGOLIA,

ORIGINAL DISCOVERERS OF DINOSAUR EGGS 20,000 YEARS AGO.

By ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS, Leader of the Third Asiatic Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History, in Co-operation with ASIA Magazine.

In our last issue Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews described, in an illustrated article, the new discoveries of dinosaur eggs in Mongolia last year. Here he goes on to tell of an equally interesting and important discovery in the same locality—that is, traces of a hitherto unknown race of prehistoric men.

I CONFESS it with deep regret; we were not the first discoverers of the dinosaur eggs. Quite a number of other people had beaten us to it by the comfortable margin of fifteen or twenty thousand years. Moreover, I should not be a bit surprised if dinosaur egg-shell had a sound market value even as early as B.C. 18,000. Last summer, while we were hunting for more dinosaur eggs at Shabarakh Ussu, we discovered a new race of people who had lived there away back in the late Palæolithic, or Old Stone Age. Among other things that they had used as ornaments were bits of dinosaur egg-shells. They must have picked them up at the Flaming Cliffs where we got ours. We found in their flint workshops many bits about one half-inch square, together with egg-shells of a giant ostrich. These had been used as a necklace for some primitive debütante. So we cannot honestly say any longer that we are the discoverers of the dinosaur eggs. But we can say that we discovered the discoverers of the dinosaur eggs. Perhaps that is even better.

"The Dune Dwellers of Shabarakh Ussu" is the name we gave to the people who stole our glory. It is appropriate because they lived in the sand dunes which are heaped about the roots of the tamarisk-trees on the floor of the basin. Of course, they were not the same dunes, and fifteen or twenty thousand years has made a good many changes in the face of the country. To solve the problem of those changes, and learn what manner of people the Dune Dwellers were from the scraps of evidence they had left behind, was perfectly thrilling. We had much more fun out of it than in finding the dinosaur eggs, because, after all, "the proper study of mankind is man." Moreover, its importance in prehistoric archaeology is immense. It has been pretty strongly affirmed by many scientists that most of the primitive races whose remains have been discovered in Europe came from Asia. Many of these races left stone tools or weapons highly characteristic of their particular culture. The question of greatest interest when we began to work out the life story of the Dune Dwellers was—where they fitted into the mosaic of primitive European cultures. Did their weapons and tools represent a type known from Europe? If so, was it earlier or later than the European equivalent? If it was earlier, it would indicate a migration from Asia to Europe.

We were not entirely unprepared for the discovery of the Dune Dwellers. In 1923 Walter Granger prospected the red sand layer in the tamarisks, and brought out a few flaked flints which he believed showed human workmanship. We had it in mind when we decided to begin archaeological work in Mongolia.

Mr. Nelson (the archaeologist) discovered artifacts at almost every camp site, and very often along the trail. These were stones which had been fashioned into tools by chipping the edges with other rocks. Before the tents were pitched on the day of our arrival at Shabarakh Ussu, Shackelford wandered off into the tamarisks, and at dinner produced a pocketful of chipped flints. Nelson pronounced them to be of undoubted human origin. Shack said that they were there in hundreds. The next morning Nelson, and I went out immediately after breakfast, followed by Berkeley, Morris, and Loucks. On the clean, hard surface of the rock, chips of red jasper, of slate, chalcedony, chert, and other stones were scattered like new fallen snow. Pointed cores, neatly shaped where thin strips had been flaked off, tiny rounded scrapers, delicately worked drills, and a few arrow-heads gave Nelson the first indications of the type of culture with which he had to deal. We held a consultation. "Where did the artifacts come from? Could they have been washed down from the surface?" We must find flints actually in the rocks, and bones, to date the deposit geologically. Shortly after our consultation I discovered a bit of egg-shell of the giant ostrich *Struthio lithus*. The other men came on the run when I shouted. This great bird existed in the Ice Age, and if the makers of our flints were its contemporaries it put the culture back into the Pleistocene. A few yards to the left Morris found another fragment of egg-shell drilled with a neat round hole. This was human work. Nelson said it was one of the beads in a necklace.

We were in a fever of excitement, for the trail was getting hot. Nelson, the most conservative of conservatives, was skipping about from place to place like a boy of sixteen. At last Berkeley found a spot where half-a-dozen chipped flints were securely fastened in the sandstone of the valley floor. We made much of him for his discovery, only to find that it had been marked by Shackelford the day before! By noon we had discovered a dozen such spots, and were satisfied that some of the artifacts had weathered out of the lowest level and had not washed down from the surface of the dunes. Still, until we found shell of the ostrich eggs, or fossil bones actually in position, we could not be certain that the deposit was of Pleistocene age. An unlooked-for complication entered when we began to find fragments of pottery. It was primitive enough, to be sure, but a people who used such crude stone implements had no business to be making pottery.

The Third Asiatic Expedition is organised on the basis of correlated work, and I have never seen its advantages more clearly displayed than in the solution of the Dune Dwellers problem. The geologists, palæontologists, topographers, and botanist all assisted the archaeologist. Without such a combination of expert knowledge available on the spot it would have been impossible to settle many of the puzzling questions presented by this important deposit.

The subject became so interesting that it was difficult to keep to our respective jobs. Everyone wanted to hunt artifacts and bring in contributory evidence for the final solution of the problem. Dr. Loucks, surgeon, was one of our most enthusiastic workers. In company with Dr. Berkeley he discovered a vast workshop where flint chips were scattered over the surface in tens of thousands.



SHOWING (IN THE FOREGROUND) THE HOME OF THE DUNE DWELLERS OF 20,000 YEARS AGO, RECENTLY DISCOVERED, AND (IN THE DISTANCE) THE "FLAMING CLIFFS," WHERE THE 10,000,000-YEARS-OLD EGGS AND BONES OF DINOSAURS WERE FOUND: A PANORAMA OF THE VALLEY OF SHABARAKH USSU, IN THE HEART OF THE GOBI DESERT OF MONGOLIA.

"In the foreground, less than a mile away, is the home of the Dune Dwellers. At a point less than 100 ft. from the camera, over 15,000 flint chips, including many arrow-heads, scrapers, and tools, were picked up in a space 100 ft. square. This culture is estimated to be about 20,000 years old."—[Copyright Photograph by the American Museum of Natural History and ASIA Magazine.]

They took four of our Mongols to the spot one morning and returned with fifteen thousand flakes. Nelson was busy for days sorting the pile and selecting such as were valuable for specimens.

The second day's work revealed dark spots in the lowest layers of the soft red sandstone. Evidently these were ancient fireplaces. By cutting through them in cross sections, layers of ash containing charcoal, flints, and burned stones were revealed. Very soon we found square bits of dinosaur and ostrich egg-shells embedded in the sandstone. This gave us pause. It was then that we realised that the Dune Dwellers were the original discoverers of the dinosaur eggs.

About that time Loucks found quantities of the ostrich egg-shell on the surface of the pene-plain. This threw another element of uncertainty into our first hypothesis. If the Dune Dwellers picked up bits of fossilised dinosaur egg-shell at the Flaming Cliffs, two or three miles away, and brought them to their workshops, they might have done the same with the ostrich eggs. Therefore, even if we did find shells embedded with the flints, it proved nothing as to age. The deposit might be Pleistocene or post-Pleistocene. A few bones were discovered in position, but they were so badly preserved that we were not able to identify them. Probably they can be determined at the Museum.

After ten days of intensive work the evidence was well in hand, and certain pretty definite facts stood out. Nelson could state confidently that the site at Shabarakh Ussu had been occupied by human beings for thousands of years. There were at least two successive cultures represented. The men of the lowest and oldest level were much more primitive than those of the upper strata. Their culture was late Palæolithic, or Old Stone Age; they did not make stone spear or arrow points or pottery. Above this layer there was a transition stage which gradually developed into the Neolithic, or New Stone Age. Stone

arrow and spear points and crude pottery characterise these later people.

By geological methods it was determined that the lowest stratum in which artifacts were found is early post-glacial. Dr. Berkeley gives it a minimum of ten and a maximum of twenty thousand years. When I say "post-glacial," I speak in terms of European chronology, for there is no evidence that there was ever an ice-sheet in this region.

Mr. Nelson believes that the artifacts indicate a culture most similar to the Azilian of France and Spain. Yet there are some differences which cannot easily be explained. The Azilians used bone implements and harpoons, but not a sign of worked bone did we find in any of the Mongolian deposits. The Azilian culture is placed at the end of the Old Stone Age, between seven and ten thousand years ago. Thus our Dune Dwellers appear to be considerably older than the Azilian men. The interesting question arises, did the Dune Dwellers migrate to Europe and establish the culture which is known there as Azilian? They could have brought with them the technique of their flint industry and adopted the use of bone after arriving in Europe, where stags were abundant in the heavy forests.

That the Dune Dwellers were a widespread race in Mongolia is certain. During all our explorations, wherever the proper conditions were found, their artifacts were present.

Shabarakh Ussu was by far the largest deposit that we discovered. The geologists determined that there had been a series of transient lakes in the great basin which extends north-west to Ulan Nor, the Red Lake. I can imagine the tamarisk grove as swarming with these strange people. Dressed in skins, probably living under rude shelters of hides or bushes, they hunted, fought, and loved

much as the primitive savages of Australia or Tasmania. Some members of the tribe developed unusual skill in fashioning implements of stone. These artisans did their work at certain spots, where the flakes of jasper and chalcedony now lie in thousands. "Workshops," we called them.

The source of supply for the peculiar kinds of stone needed by the Dune Dwellers puzzled us for a long time. We found it when returning near the end of the summer. It was on a flat plain thirty-six miles from Shabarakh Ussu. There were quantities of red jasper, chert, chalcedony and agate, and hundreds of these stones were roughly chipped.

We hoped, up to the very last, to find burials at some of the artifact localities where bones of the Dune Dwellers might be obtained. Skeletons would tell us what manner of men they were. We looked for

them particularly in the vicinity of their hearths and permanent camping-places, such as Shabarakh Ussu. But not a trace of human bone could be found. Either their dead were not buried near the camps, or the conditions were unfavourable for the preservation of bones. The latter is probably the correct reason, for the fragmentary animal bones in the flint-bearing layers were very badly preserved.

Had we been able to discover caves, probably much more definite information could have been obtained. But caves are as scarce as hens' teeth in the region we explored. Although limestone is present in places, the erosion has not been of the type to produce caverns, or even rock shelters. The Dune Dwellers must have lived in the open the entire year. Since at that time the winters were probably as cold as they are to-day, I don't wonder they migrated.

We are very much pleased with the beginning of our archaeological work in Mongolia. It was an unknown field. Other scientists offered only discouragement. The discovery of a new culture apparently related to one in Europe is in itself of enormous importance. The scattered traces of a much older Palæolithic race and a younger Neolithic culture promise a rich field for the future. We have learned how and where to search for them. That we shall find actual human remains in the near future I believe to be highly probable. This year we discovered strata of both the Pliocene and Pleistocene ages, and obtained valuable fossils of animals that were contemporary with man. We did not find the so-called "Missing Link," but that does not prove anything. We have several more years in which to search and our lucky star is still in the ascendant. Hunting for human remains is about the most uncertain job that I know of; the chances are one hundred to one against success. But we are applying sound principles of scientific investigation to the problem, and in the meantime are reaping a harvest of results in other fields which are almost as important.

A NEW RACE FOUND IN MONGOLIA: ARTIFACTS 20,000 YEARS OLD.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE THIRD ASIATIC EXPEDITION OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, IN CO-OPERATION WITH ASIA MAGAZINE. PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH ASIA MAGAZINE, NEW YORK.



ARTIFACTS MADE BY THE DUNE DWELLERS, PALÆOLITHIC AND NEOLITHIC: (L. TO R.) TOP ROW—A PIECE OF NEOLITHIC POTTERY (LEFT), SCRAPER, CORE, AND SPEARPOINT; SECOND ROW—SCRAPERS, SPEAR-POINTS, AND CORES; THIRD AND FOURTH ROW—FLINT KNIVES AND DRILLS, SMALLER SKIN-SCRAPERS, AND ARROW POINTS.—[Copyrighted by ASIA Magazine and the American Museum of Natural History.]



OPENING A NEW PAGE IN THE "RECORD OF THE ROCKS" CONTAINING ANNALS OF PREHISTORIC MAN: MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN EXPEDITION IN MONGOLIA READING THE STORY OF THE DUNE DWELLERS FROM THE FLINT IMPLEMENTS WHICH THEY HAD JUST FOUND AT SHABARAKH USSU, AMONG SANDSTONE BLUFFS AND TAMARISKS.—[Copyrighted by ASIA Magazine and the American Museum of Natural History.]

The artifacts of the Dune Dwellers, as Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews points out in his article on page 90, represent two successive cultures—Palæolithic and a much later Neolithic (including pottery). In the above photograph the objects found are not arranged in order of age or development. The scene of the discovery is described by Mr. Andrews (in a passage omitted from the article for lack of space) as "an area of shifting sand blown into dunes against the stems of twisted tamarisk trees. Sculptured red bluffs marked the entrance to shallow valleys floored with soft sandstone, where the wind had swept the loose sediment away."

Later, explaining how the primitive artisans worked, he says: "From stone cores they pushed off long, slender flakes to make knives and drills. The edges of some are as sharp as those of our hunting knives. A tiny scraper not much longer than my thumbnail, with a rounded edge, was the most characteristic tool. These were used to dress skins or to smooth sticks. Most of the specimens were stone flakes. . . . We found many broken or partly finished implements which had been discarded for some reason when the stone proved undesirable. Naturally, completed tools were less numerous. They had been carried away for daily use."

IN THE TRACK OF THE DUNE DWELLERS: CAMELS CROSSING THE GOBI.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE THIRD ASIATIC EXPEDITION OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, IN CO-OPERATION WITH ASIA MAGAZINE. PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH ASIA MAGAZINE, NEW YORK.



AT THE GOAL OF THEIR GREAT TREK OF 800 MILES IN SNOW AND GALES THROUGH THE BRIGAND-INFESTED GOBI DESERT: THE AMERICAN EXPEDITION'S CAMEL CARAVAN (WITH 96 OUT OF 125 CAMELS THAT STARTED) ARRIVING AT SHABARAKH USSU
Copyrighted by Asia Magazine and the American Museum of Natural History.



WITH OLD MERIN, THE MONGOLIAN LEADER, WALKING AT THEIR HEAD: THE CAMEL CARAVAN CROSSING WIND-SWEPT DUNES OF THE GOBI DESERT, ON ITS WAY TO THE "FLAMING CLIFFS," WHERE THE DINOSAUR EGGS WERE DISCOVERED.

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The American Expedition's caravan of 10 men and 125 camels, led by a trusty old Mongolian named Merin, set out from Kalgan across the Gobi Desert, laden with six months' supplies of gasoline and food. The scientists with their equipment followed later in seven motor-cars. The leader of the expedition, Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews, says that when the camels started "it was 40 degrees below zero on the great plateau and 800 miles to Shabarakh Ussu—800 miles of daily battle against cold and snow and February gales through a region swarming with bandits." How the caravan was held up by native frontier officials, and

how it eventually arrived with 96 camels (29 had died on the way) was told in our issue of January 9, where we illustrated the new discoveries of dinosaur eggs. In the present number (on page 90) Mr. Andrews describes another interesting discovery—that of traces of an unknown prehistoric race—the Dune Dwellers, who lived some 20,000 years ago. "We had been told," he writes, "that it was impossible to use motor-cars for exploration in the Gobi Desert; the geology was all obscured by grass or sand: as for fossils, it was ridiculous to expect to find them where they had never been known before!"

ARE THE FLOODS DUE TO THE SUN'S ACTIVITY? A NEW THEORY.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S., F.R.S.A., ETC.



DIAGRAMS ILLUSTRATING THE CONNECTION BETWEEN OUR "ABNORMAL MOISTURE" AND SOLAR ERUPTIONS.

"The earth," writes Mr. Scriven Bolton, "is but a tiny speck when compared with the sun. Yet it possesses the power of quenching the solar flames, evidenced by the fact that the greatest solar activities, as depicted above, are always situated in the hemisphere turned away from the earth, quite irrespective of the sun's axial rotation. This dis-symmetry between the two hemispheres can only be accounted for by assuming that our globe is responsible for the extinction of these solar eruptions. The flames are composed of electrically charged particles. And since the electric conductivity of space is believed to be greatest in that part between the earth and the sun, the sun's hemisphere facing the earth exhibits less activity because the electrified matter

is drawn out into space and terrestrially absorbed. This matter-energy may manifest itself on the earth in a myriad ways. It is a result of the remarkable ever-operative mutual relationship between the two bodies. The prevailing excessive rainfall, and consequent floods, is perhaps an extraordinary phase of the inflow of matter, which is creating abnormal moisture in our air. At present our globe appears to be drawing lavishly upon the practically inexhaustible source of all light and life, and our climate is controlled accordingly." In the diagrams of the sun rotating axially, the letters *a*, *b*, and *c* indicate the same flames in each, diminishing as they approach the earth, and increasing again as they recede from it.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

ANIMAL COLORATION.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

I TRUST that I shall not be suspected of striving to blow my own trumpet if I venture to discuss here certain aspects of my book on Animal Coloration, which has just been so generously reviewed in this paper. But one of my reviewers seems to have read the book very perfunctorily—a way with some reviewers—and to have had but a very scant acquaintance with the subject into the bargain. He fails just where so many fail who have no more than a very hazy notion of what has been done in the effort to present an intelligible interpretation of the phenomena with which we are confronted, when we begin to ask questions as to the why and the wherefore of the coloration of animals—questions which are quite as legitimate as those we ask as to the why and the wherefore of the movements of the stars or the changes of the weather. It seems to me that, if I enlarge upon some of my reviewers' difficulties, I shall be helping many who, from lack of opportunity to investigate for themselves, have found themselves confronted by stumbling blocks which appeared insurmountable.

In the pages of this book I have laid no uncertain emphasis on the fact that the coloration of an animal is not, of necessity and of itself, of vital importance to well-being. I have given many instances, in that book, of coloration which cannot by any stretch of the imagination be regarded as the slightest "use" to the animal so coloured, and I cited the cowrie and cone shells as examples. To bring this matter home with greater force, I have just had two types of cone-shells specially photographed for this essay. In the one case it will be seen that the shell is marked by a spirally arranged pattern on a black background. The other shows more intricate markings arranged in bands encircling the shell. Yet in the living animals not the slightest trace of these patterns can be seen. And this for the reason that they are concealed by a thick layer of tissue known as the "periostracum," which must be scraped off to expose the patterns. They are, so far as we can see, entirely fortuitous markings, and certainly have nothing whatever to do with "coloration" in the sense in which that word is used here.

But in this, as in all other riddles which present themselves for solution, if we want to solve them, we must "put two and two together." We must compare the type of coloration of the particular bird or beast we are considering with its external environment. And we shall soon be convinced that "camouflage" looms large in this coloration. It is by no

mere coincidence that the tiger is striped and the jaguar spotted. The alternate tawny and black stripes of the one harmonise so perfectly with the jungle grass that the great body is invisible as it moves stealthily forward towards its unsuspecting victim. The massive proportions of the jaguar, in like manner, merge insensibly into the surrounding chequering of light and shade formed by the penetration of the sunlight between the dense foliage of the upper region of the giant forest-trees, enabling unsuspecting troops of monkeys to be caught unawares. It is no mere coincidence that forest-haunting deer should be spotted the year round in tropical forests, and only in the summer in those of temperate climates. If the pursuer must wear a mantle of invisibility if he would eat, so also must the prospective victim if he would avoid being eaten.

But by this argument, I shall be told, the carnivore would starve, either because he had eaten up all possible victims, or because he had been unable to find any. But, as a matter of fact, this camouflage is never always, and everywhere, successful. It is effective only so

long as the disguised remains motionless. If the deer, out of the corner of his eye, catches the slightest sign of movement on the part of the stealthily moving tiger, he is off at a bound, and the tiger must go without his dinner. The tiger, again, may lose a victim because, at rest, it is invisible. Both pursuer and pursued, however, have yet another string to the bow, and that is scent, which also must be keenly developed in both. The success of the one or the failure of the other is dependent to-day on coloration, to-morrow on scent. And so, though the protectively coloured deer may ultimately fall a victim, it may escape long enough to produce offspring, and hence the race survives.

My reviewer gets into a hopeless muddle when he proceeds to discuss what I have said about coloration in regard to "Sexual Selection," and I have not space here to help him out. What Darwin called "Sexual Selection" is frequently associated with most vivid and often conspicuous coloration. This is more especially true of birds. In all these cases it is clear that "camouflage" is unnecessary, since there are no enemies to be defeated. This interpretation becomes the more convincing when we take the case of birds like the peacock or the argus-pheasant, for these have put on gorgeous apparel indeed, the plumage having grown to extravagant length, as in the "train" of the one and the excessively long wing-feather of the other. In neither case would sudden and sustained flight be possible; so that, had the incidence of "selection" by prowling carnivores been severe, these birds would never have come to their present state of splendour.

I am told that desert-haunting beasts and birds owe their almost universal tawny coloration not to the action of "Natural Selection," but to the effect of the all-prevailing monochrome of their "environment." There is an African butterfly which has the upper surface of the wings brightly coloured, making it most conspicuous when flying. But the moment it alights it mysteriously vanishes. And this because the under-sides of the wings only are then exposed, the upper surfaces being closely pressed together. But the under surfaces are so coloured as to match exactly the coloration of a dead leaf, even to the dark mid-rib running up the middle of the leaf! This remarkable coloration, I am asked to believe, is to be attributed entirely to the "influence of the environment." What

a fatuous suggestion! Why should the "environment" thus affect only the under-surface of the wings? Equally inane are the comments on "Warning Coloration" and "Mimicry"; but I have now no space wherein to discuss them.

This fascinating theme of the coloration of animals and its significance is apparently inexhaustible. Its investigation imperatively demands at least a cursory inquiry as to the sources and manner of the deposition of the pigments which make up this "coloration." Here we enter the domain of physiology. And there is yet another aspect of these physiological processes. And that is the sudden change from one type of coloration to another. I do not allude here to the rapid changes of hue displayed by the chameleon and many fishes, but to such as are displayed, for example, by birds like the gos-hawk and the peregrine-falcon. In their immature plumage these birds have the under-

surface of the body longitudinally striped. This is repeated during successive moults; then, at a single moult, as by a magician's wand, the "warp and woof" of the loom is changed; the new breast-feathers are no longer longitudinally striped, but transversely barred! What factors bring about so sudden and striking a change?

No less inexplicable is the case of the young rook, whose portrait is given on this page. "Black as a crow" he should be. But for some strange reason the feather-pigments, by "watering down," become transformed into cream-colour, and with this change the whole plumage

becomes transformed from a sable monochrome to one with a complex pattern. Is this pattern to be regarded as a reversion to an ancestral coloration common to the whole tribe of rooks of some long-past age? We find a reversal of this state of affairs in the case of the leopard, which occasionally develops an intense black pigmentation. But watch the creature pacing back and forth in its cage, and in certain incidences of light the spots typical of his race are plainly discernible. This theme of animal coloration, and its significance, has always fascinated me. Perchance some may be tempted to take up the subject as likely to enhance the joys of a country walk, wherein a bewildering array of subjects for study will be found at every step. Books help, but they can never take the place of first-hand investigation.



A REVERSION TO AN ANCESTRAL COLORATION? A YOUNG "ISABELLINE" ROOK, WITH FEATHER-PIGMENTS INEXPLICABLY TRANSFORMED FROM BLACK TO PATTERNED CREAM COLOUR BY "WATERING-DOWN."

After Frohawk. From Pycraft's "Camouflage in Nature."



SHOWING THE STRIKING CHANGES IN BREAST COLORATION AT A SINGLE MOULT ON ATTAINING MATURITY: IMMATURE (LEFT) AND ADULT STAGES OF THE GOS-HAWK.

From Pycraft's "Camouflage in Nature." Photograph by E. J. Manly.



COLORATION OF NO PROTECTIVE USE: THE BANDED CONE-SHELL, AFTER REMOVAL OF THE PERIOSTRACUM THAT HIDES IT.

"The Banded Cone-shell is seen in the above photograph after the removal of the periostracum, showing alternate light and dark bands. The general hue of the ground-colour is of a light smoke-grey."

Photograph by E. J. Manly.

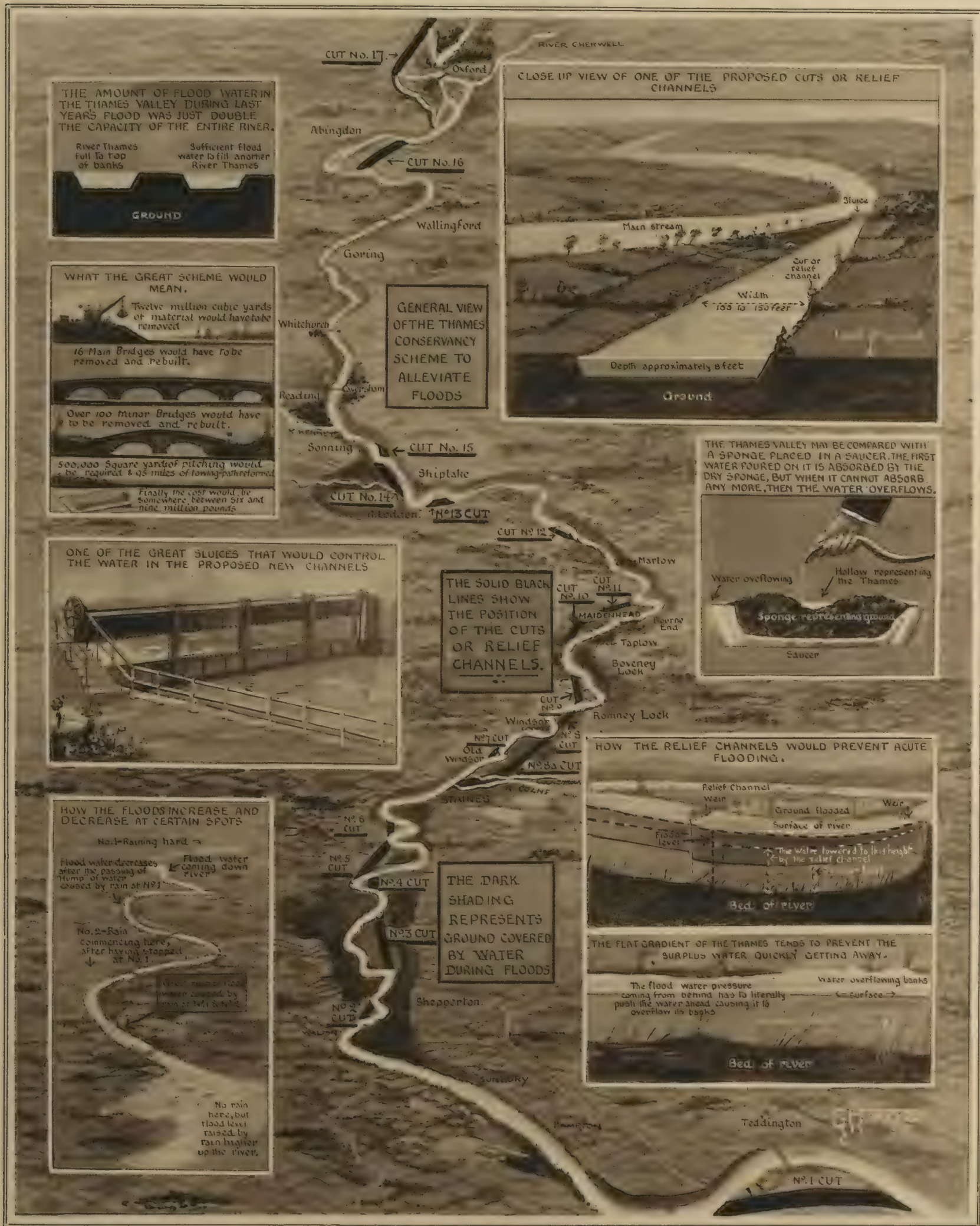


"USELESS" COLORATION: THE SPOTTED CONE-SHELL, WHOSE COLOURS ARE HIDDEN BY THE PERIOSTRACUM.

"In the Spotted Cone-shell the coloration of the shell is hidden, in the living animal, by a dense layer of tissue known as the 'Periostracum.' The white spots on a black background, it is to be noted, have a spiral arrangement."—[Photograph by E. J. Manly.]

CAN THAMES FLOODS BE PREVENTED? A POSSIBLE £9,000,000 PLAN.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE ASSISTANCE AND CO-OPERATION OF THE THAMES CONSERVANCY.



FLOOD-PREVENTION IN THE THAMES VALLEY: THE CONSERVANCY'S GREAT SCHEME OF RELIEF CHANNELS.

The recent heavy flooding in the Thames Valley has once more raised the question whether this overflow of the river can be prevented, and has drawn attention to a scheme evolved several years ago by the engineers of the Thames Conservancy. When it was evolved, the Engineer to the Conservators considered that the gigantic work could be done for about £3,000,000, but to-day the estimated cost would be nearer £9,000,000. It consists of widening the river in places, raising the banks, and, chiefly, in providing cuts or relief channels to straighten out the dangerous bends. The total capacity of the Thames when running bank-high is about 4,500,000,000 gallons, equivalent to one day's ordinary winter flood discharge at Teddington. If, therefore, it were possible to empty the river completely, before a flood, relief would be afforded for, at most, one day's flow. For example, in the flood of 1910, which lasted

for some twenty days at a flow above 4,500,000,000 gallons, with a maximum discharge of 8,134,000,000 gallons, had the river been empty at the commencement of the flood on December 5, it would have filled again on the 6th. The scheme evolved was to reduce the flood levels between Oxford and Teddington, and keep within the river banks a volume equivalent to the maximum discharge at Teddington of 7,000,000,000 to 8,000,000,000 gallons per day, the amount of an average flood. When originally submitting the scheme the Thames Conservancy Board drew attention to the great cost, and stated that to some extent the amenities of the river would be destroyed. It was also questioned whether the result would justify the expenditure. On the other hand, something is needed to prevent this almost annual flooding, and experts consider the scheme illustrated the only real solution.—[Drawing Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.]

A Convivial Celebrity: Hickey Once More.

"MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM HICKEY."—Vol. IV. EDITED BY ALFRED SPENCER.*

THE fourth volume of the *Memoirs of William Hickey* opens, apparently, towards the end of 1790, of which time the imperturbable attorney wrote: "My health being in no way mended, notwithstanding I was constantly swallowing medicine of some kind or other, several of my friends recommended me to try a change of air by taking a voyage at sea": and it finishes at 1809, with the retired *Burra Sahib* at Little Hall Barn, Beaconsfield, his faithful "Bengallee" servant Christianised from Munnoo to Munnew, and he himself settling down to his garden, his rides, and his walks, and "more attentive to disbursements than heretofore."

The years between were crowded enough. The journey in search of cure took the more enterprising moiety of Messrs. Hickey and Turner aboard the *Warren Hastings*, bound for Madras with native troops. It was the first unusual experience of the period under review, for he noted: "Previous to the time I am writing of, sepoys never could be prevailed upon to set foot on board ship, but their extraordinary respect for Lord Cornwallis and attachment to his person proved sufficient to induce them to surmount their long-established prejudices. . . . The Hindoos especially, from the pertinacity of their castes, required the utmost circumspection in order to avoid infringing upon any of their religious rights and ceremonies; they therefore had their own water-casks, and filled by their Brahmins, who sealed each cask as it was made ready with their seals."

Nor was that the only echo of war to reach Hickey's ears. There were the victories of Tippee in '91 and the accompanying raids by freebooters; with, later, the storming of Seringapatam and the finding of the body of the Sultaun "amidst a prodigious heap of slain." Desultory fighting was, indeed, the order of the day, and, so far at least as the enemy was concerned, fighting with the gloves off—Sir Robert Abercrombie's disastrous "excursion" in '94, in which over two thousand five hundred Europeans and sepoys were killed or wounded; the insurrection in Benares, in '90, under Vizier Ally; and the mutiny at Vellore in 1806, due in part, it was thought, to an impolitic order commanding the sepoys "not only to cease rubbing upon their foreheads certain coloured stuff in particular forms, according to long practice, and in conformity to their religious duties, but what was equally if not more obnoxious, requiring them to wear upon their heads a new kind of cap made of leather, instead of their turbans, which alteration the Sepoys insisted would affect their castes, the leather being made from the skins of animals they held in veneration, meaning cows and oxen."

Europe also supplied news of unrest. There are significant passages in the *Memoirs*. Under the date "January 24th, 1793," Benjamin Mee wrote: "I now send by Captain Stout, some public newspapers which will show you the mode of proceedings that have been adopted against the deservedly lamented and most ill-treated King of France, who was iniquitously and barbarously put to death, that is, basely murdered on Monday last. The ill-fated Monarch behaved with the greatest fortitude to the last moment of his life. . . . When upon the scaffold he wished to address the surrounding spectators, whereupon an immediate and loud cry of 'point d'harangue' burst forth from those nearest the martyr, accompanied by such a rattling of drums and sounding of trumpets as completely to drown the voice of the King. The instant his head was severed from the body there was a universal shout of 'Vive la Nation.'"

In 1804: "My brother wrote me very pleasing accounts respecting the unanimity that prevailed throughout the Kingdom and the zealous preparations made in every quarter to meet the long-threatened invasion of the Corsican despot Bonaparte. My brother likewise informed me that every man in Great Britain, of competent age, was become

military in some way or other, that he himself was a private in the Bloomsbury Volunteers, one of the finest bodies of men attached to the Metropolis, and consisting principally of gentlemen from the Inns of Court, especially Gray's Inn."

Such things with many a complaint against impudent French privateers; and a note of an "elegant ball and supper" to Mr. Hastings, at Willis's rooms, at which almost all the Indians in London were present, "and such Quizzies when assembled, not only in Dress but Address, you who know the pompous race so well can easily conceive."

That last touch must have appealed to Hickey, for never was one better used to entertaining and being entertained! Essentially, he was of convivial celebrity, as he said of Matthew Day, Esquire. How he must have hated giving up the office of Noble

five sicca rupees per month for the crew of fourteen—much more than he anticipated. This while a friend in Tours was reporting: "I have a small neat house, very prettily furnished, a large garden, although in the centre of the town. A single man can live here like a king for three hundred and fifty pounds a year, keep two maids (one handsome!) and a man servant, a saddle and a chaise horse, see the best company and entertain once a month."

And with the enjoyment was profit. There is no doubt that his table was his good friend in those times of hard feeding and harder drinking. Without its "groanings" he is not likely to have advanced as he did; and he was wise enough, of course, to pamper his guests according to their desires and the powers of their patronage. He could be discriminating, too; or he might have dealt with tobacco other than he did on a day in '97. "In April," he wrote, "Sir William Dunkin went with the General and me to Chinsurah where we spent three days very cheerfully. The second morning, while engaged at billiards, General St. Leger suddenly cried out, 'What a delicious smell there is! Who is smoking? I never smelt better tobacco and should like to partake. Could you not get me a whiff from one of the servants?' As I concluded he was joking, not supposing so elegant a man could ever have been in the habit of using so vulgar an herb, meaning to be facetious, I answered, 'Very nice perfume indeed, perhaps, Sir, you would like to partake, if so I can introduce you to the operator which is not a servant but a guest of mine.' General St. Leger then said, 'Upon my word I am serious in saying I should like a pipe of all things.' As I knew the smoker to be my friend Arthur Forrest, who from habit was uncomfortable unless he had a couple of cheroots between breakfast and dinner, but at the same time feeling ashamed of the vulgarity of the act, usually shut himself up in his own chamber to use them, I told the General to follow me gently. I conducted him therefore up the circular back stairs thus entering Forrest's room by a back door used only by the servants. . . . At dinner he told us he had learned to smoke when serving under the Duke of York with the army upon the Continent, where they were frequently encamped on low marshy ground, and the Physicians recommended the use of tobacco as conducive to health."

By kindred acts of hospitality, he became intimate with many a notability and won clients and official posts more easily than would one less a man of the world. But for his popularity—and the custom of the period—he could not have held his own as a judge's clerk, as Deputy Sheriff of Calcutta, as a Notary-Public, and as Clerk to the Chief Justice. Sir Henry Russell offered his Clerkship to Hickey, saying that he need not bother himself about duties. "Of course," says the chronicler, "I gladly availed myself of the generous proposal, and thus once more filled the lucrative position of Judge's clerk without having the smallest degree of personal trouble, an Armenian, whom I engaged for the purpose, doing the whole duty, and taking special care never to omit entering in his daily book any business done before the Judge upon which I, as Clerk, was entitled to a fee."

Nepotism could not be neater; yet when Hickey returned to England he had but £13,000.

On the whole, however, his luck was good during this last working period of his life, and he had a jovial time of it, despite indifferent health—so jovial a time that those who continue his *Memoirs*, with this fourth and final volume, will enjoy themselves well nigh as thoroughly as he did—and that is saying much. Excellent it is that he got to Beaconsfield and had leisure to write, thanking his stars that he was not as a certain Dutch gentleman of Sadras:

"Myneer Gludenstack lies interred here,
Who intended to have gone home next year."

Little wonder that his Bengali clerk wrote, "I feel myself hurtled to the very bottom of my breast, as loosing a fatherly gentleman." E. H. G.



IN MASK AND BUSKIN, AS ON THE ATHENIAN STAGE OVER 2000 YEARS AGO: THE "OEDIPUS TYRANNUS" OF SOPHOCLES AT THE SCALA THEATRE—OEDIPUS (MR. H. A. SAINTSBURY) AND HIS MOTHER JOCASTA (MR. RONALD NICHOLSON, EXTREME RIGHT), WITH THREE OTHER MASKED PLAYERS.



WEARING MASKS OF THE ANCIENT GREEK TYPE: (L. TO R.) TEIRESIAS (MR. FRANK VOSPER), OEDIPUS (MR. H. A. SAINTSBURY), AND CREON (MR. WILFRID WALTER) IN "OEDIPUS TYRANNUS" AT THE SCALA—THE GREEK PLAY SOCIETY'S FIRST PRODUCTION.

The first production by the Greek Play Society—that of the "Oedipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles, was given on Sunday, January 10, at the New Scala Theatre, in the ancient Athenian style, the actors wearing masks and buskins. Some of the masks—such as those of Jocasta and Creon, had painted eyes, while others had gaps beneath the brows. The setting was designed by Mr. Hubert Hine, and the movements of the Chorus, arranged by Mr. Robert Atkins, were very effective.—[Photographs by C.N.]

Grand of the Society of Bucks, even though it brought him a presentation jewel, "to be worn as the French order of the Croix de St. Louis formerly used to be, that is, suspended to a ribbon tied to the third buttonhole of the coat." How he must have revelled in his "claret-pushing"—he was ever master of a *quantum sufficit* of wine—in those long, bumper-draining sittings of one of which he said "a more severe debauch I never was engaged in in any part of the world"; in his "improvident jaunts"; in the society of his "fat and cheerful" girl of Hindostan, the Bibee Sahib, Jemdanee; in his country house; and in his paunceway, his native boat, which cost him two thousand sicca rupees to build, with sixty-

* "Memoirs of William Hickey," Edited by Alfred Spencer. Vol. IV. (1790-1809.) With Photogravure Portrait and six other illustrations. (Hurst and Blackett, Ltd.; 21s. net.)

REVEALED BY A DEAD EXPLORER'S DIARY: GREAT FALLS UNRECORDED.

PHOTOGRAPH AND DESCRIPTION BY COURTESY OF MRS. J. SCOTT-BROWN.



THIS photograph," writes Mrs. Scott-Brown, "was taken by my late husband, James Scott-Brown, at the end of the 'Cape-to-Cairo Motor Expedition,' and just before he was made prisoner at Tabora, then in German East Africa. . . . The party, which sailed on August 4, 1913, consisted of Captain R. N. Kelsey, Captain Pickersgill Cunliffe, Count Comegliano (the big-game shot), Mr. James Scott-Brown, and Mr. Gilliland, the 'Daily Telegraph' correspondent. They met with continued ill-luck, and after the death of Captain Kelsey (wounded by a leopard), and the illness of the driver and mechanic, the correspondent was recalled, but Mr. Scott-Brown and the Count continued and completed their work. Mr. Scott-Brown was arrested

(Continued opposite.

"THE MOST REMARKABLE IN THE WORLD," BUT NOT
ON THE MAP: THE KALAMBO FALLS.

(by the Germans) and imprisoned at Tabora Prison Camp for two and a-half years, and on his release his health was gone owing to the ill-treatment in camp, and he was never again able to resume his former occupation. . . . He died on September 4, 1925." Among his papers was found the following note: "The Kalambo Falls. The most remarkable water-fall in the world. Here the Kalambo River, which divides the territories of British East Africa and Rhodesia, takes a 'header' over a precipice, making a sheer drop of 1200 ft. Niagara is only 165 ft., and the Victoria Falls, 420 ft. A further fall of about 200 ft. takes place about 400 yards from the base of the main fall, but so far no one has succeeded in reaching the base of the lower

(Continued below.

(Continued.)

fall. It is said that an early Alunga Chief, on seeing the falls for the first time, promised to give half his kingdom to the son of any man who would throw himself over. A woman begged the privilege and jumped, but the chief did not carry out his part of the contract. It was customary, previous to British rule, for the natives to sacrifice to the spirits one of any twins born. The fall takes over at the end of a wedge-shaped crevasse in the hills and makes a sheer uninterrupted drop, the cliffs on either side being perpendicular. At the base of the fall one sees the water from the boiling pot rush down in a cataract. . . . No more

impressive sight in Nature's handiwork could possibly be imagined." The "Geographical Journal" for this month says: "The remarkable interest of these falls to us is that they seem to be hitherto unrecorded, although they are on the Kalambo river, which is the boundary between Northern Rhodesia and Tanganyika Territory, demarcated by British and German Commissioners in 1898. . . . Mr. Scott-Brown's note on the falls does not suggest that they were anything but well known, and his figure of 1200 ft. reads as if that were the accepted height: yet we can find no reference to the falls in geographical literature."

THE THAMES IN FLOOD: MAIDENHEAD, WINDSOR, ETON AND CHERTSEY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. AND A., FARRINGTON PHOTO CO., C.N., AND G.P.U.



A CANOEING ESCAPE AT MAIDENHEAD: SAILING IN SHALLOW WATER AT A POINT SLIGHTLY FLOODED ON THE BATH ROAD.



A FAMOUS RACE-COURSE DURING THE RECENT FLOODS: THE GROUND AT HURST PARK PARTIALLY UNDER WATER.



ON THE SHEPPERTON ROAD, WHERE THE RICHMOND-CHERTSEY BUS SERVICE WAS SUSPENDED: LIFTING IN A LADY PASSENGER AT CHERTSEY.



A CIRCUS IN A RECREATION GROUND AT MAIDENHEAD SWAMPED BY THE FLOODS: A "ROUNABOUT" SURROUNDED BY WATER AND TEMPORARILY PUT OUT OF ACTION.



A SKILFUL FEAT OF STEERSMANSHIP: A THAMES TUG KEEPING TO THE FAIRWAY WHILE TOWING A BARGE AMID THE FLOODS IN THE UPPER REACHES OF THE RIVER.



ETON TURNED INTO AN ISLAND BY THE FLOODED THAMES: AN AIR VIEW OF THE TOWN AND COLLEGE, WHERE WATER INVADDED MANY OF THE CELLARS AND SUBMERGED THE FAMOUS PLAYING FIELDS.



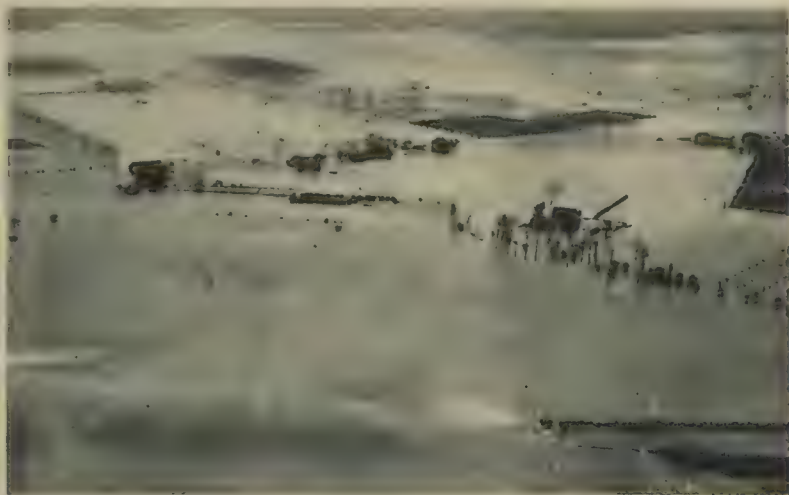
THE FLOODED THAMES VALLEY AT WINDSOR: A VIEW FROM THE CASTLE, SHOWING A TOWER IN THE FOREGROUND, AND (ON THE RIGHT) THE BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER TO ETON.

On another page we illustrate a possible scheme for preventing floods in the Thames Valley, such as those recently experienced. Writing on January 7, a "Morning Post" correspondent said: "Windsor seemed almost surrounded by water. The famous Playing Fields of Eton were invisible. Fellows' Eyot was a lake. South Meadow was just a sheet of water. . . . The great walls of the Castle frowned down on waterlogged park land." On the following day he wrote: "The enormous rush of water from the upper reaches of the Thames is now being felt in the areas from Sunbury to Windsor. . . . Towards Chertsey there

is a vast sheet of water estimated to be three miles wide. Shepperton road is submerged to the extent of about a foot or so, and the Richmond to Chertsey buses have been unable to get through. . . . At Windsor the flooded area has spread. People are punting across the flooded meadows around Eton. Water has invaded the cellars of many of the College houses." At Maidenhead traffic on the London and Bath road was brought to a standstill for a time, but some reports of the floods there were said to be exaggerated. Many riverside bungalows had to be abandoned by their occupants, who were taken off in boats.

FLOODS IN EUROPE: SCENES IN HOLLAND, BELGIUM, AND FRANCE.

AIR PHOTOGRAPHS BY K.L.M.; OTHERS BY TOPICAL, AND P. AND A.



SHOWING (IN THE FOREGROUND) WATER POURING OVER A BREACH IN ONE OF THE DYKES: AN AIR PHOTOGRAPH OF FLOODED COUNTRY NEAR OVERASSELT, IN HOLLAND.



COMPLETELY ISOLATED IN AN EXPANSE OF WATER: A STONE FACTORY NEAR NIJMEGEN, ON THE RIVER WAAL, IN HOLLAND, LOOKING LIKE AN OBLONG ISLAND.



WHERE THE SUBSIDENCE OF THE BELGIAN FLOODS WAS FOLLOWED BY FEAR OF AN EPIDEMIC: LIME FOR DISINFECTING PURPOSES BEING SHOVELLED INTO BOXES BY SHOP ASSISTANTS AT LIEGE.



AFTER THE GREAT FLOODS IN BELGIUM HAD SUBSIDED AND THERE WAS DANGER OF DISEASE FROM SEWAGE-INFECTED MUD: BELGIAN SOLDIERS CLEANING THE STREETS AT NAMUR.



ROYAL SYMPATHY WITH A NATIONAL DISASTER IN BELGIUM: KING ALBERT (WHO GAVE OVER 2,000,000 FRANCS FOR RELIEF), WITH QUEEN ELIZABETH, IN AN ARMY PONTOON AT NAMUR DURING THE FLOODS.



FLOODS ON A FRENCH RAILWAY: A GOODS TRAIN MAKING ITS WAY OVER A TRACK COVERED WITH WATER, NEAR NOYON, ON THE OISE, A DISTRICT THAT WAS CONSIDERABLY AFFECTED.

Belgium suffered from the recent floods as severely as Holland, and the invasion of the water was almost as disastrous as the invasion of the Germans. Large industrial towns were inundated with poisonous water infected by sewage and other impurities, to a depth of 10 ft. to 18 ft., and when the floods subsided there was great danger of an outbreak of epidemic disease. The local authorities issued stringent instructions for the cleaning and disinfecting of houses and

contaminated stores in shops. Sodden goods were piled up outside and covered with lime or other disinfectants until they could be removed. While the floods were at their height, the King and Queen of the Belgians went about the stricken area in boats. King Albert devoted to the relief fund 2,000,000 francs of the sum presented to him on the occasion of his silver wedding, and a further 100,000 francs from his privy purse. Floods also did damage in various parts of France.

URBAN AND RURAL HOLLAND UNDER WATER: SCENES OF THE GREAT FLOOD PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY K.L.M.

FARMSTEADS
AND A
COUNTRY CHURCH
ISLANDED
IN A WASTE
OF WATERS:
AN AIR VIEW
OF THE VILLAGE
OF OOV,
FLOODED BY THE
RIVER WAAL.



A DUTCH
COUNTRYSIDE
INUNDATED:
A FLOODED
DISTRICT NEAR
RAVESTEN,
ON THE
RIVER MAAS,
SHOWING (IN TOP
LEFT CORNER,
NEAR A WHITE
HOUSE) THE
BROKEN DYKE
OF WYCHEN.



A DUTCH TOWN
CONVERTED INTO
A MINIATURE
VENICE,
SURROUNDED
BY LAGOONS:
CUYK, ON THE
MAAS, WHERE
THE DYKES
BURST AT
TWO POINTS
SIMULTANEOUSLY.

A DUTCH
VILLAGE DURING
THE GREAT
FLOOD:
PANNERDEN,
ON THE RHINE,
WHERE THE
DYKE FAILED,
THE WATER
ROSE SIX FEET
IN AN HOUR,
AND THE 1500
INHABITANTS FLED.



The great floods in Holland submerged about half of the total area of the country, and amounted to a national disaster. These remarkable air photographs show typical scenes in town, village, farm, and countryside. Seen from an elevation, a vast expanse of waters stretched into the distance, dotted by the roofs of houses, the towers of churches, and the tops of trees. Many dykes burst in different parts of the country. That on the Rhine at Panterden, to take an example, gave way on January 5, and many cattle were drowned. The water rose six feet in one hour, and the situation became so serious that the 1500 inhabitants of the village fled in haste. Cattle were cut loose, and left to find their way by instinct to higher ground. One Panterden

farmer was marooned with his cattle on a mound for nearly two days, and, having no food, milked a cow into one of his wooden shoes and drank from it. In neighbouring villages, where there was no dyke near, people took refuge on their roofs and upper floors, and were rescued in boats by Marines, who sometimes had to cut holes in roofs to get them out. The Queen of Holland made several further tours of inspection in the flooded districts after that illustrated in our last issue. By January 10 the waters had considerably subsided, becoming too shallow for boats, and fresh difficulties were caused by the prevailing mud. At Panterden on that date engineers were preparing to reconstruct the dyke.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: EVENTS FROM FAR AND NEAR; AND PERSONALITIES OF THE MOMENT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PITTS, "TIMES," C.N., CUCCIA, G.P.U., TOPICAL,

GARI, S. AND G., PHOTOPRESS, RUSSELL, LAFAYETTE, ELLIOTT AND FRY.



THE FUNERAL OF THIBAW'S QUEEN—SUFAYALAT—AT RANGOON: THE CATAFALQUE, FOLLOWED BY THE ROYAL GOLDEN COUCH (WITHOUT THE BODY).



SHADED BY WHITE UMBRELLAS AND BORNE BY MEMBERS OF THE EX-ROYAL FAMILY: QUEEN SUFAYALAT'S BODY IN THE PROCESSION.



ON ITS WAY TO THE CAIRO MUSEUM: THE GOLDEN COFFIN OF TUTANKHAMEN (ENCLOSED IN A PACKING-CASE) ESCORTED THROUGH LUXOR.



THE REMOVAL OF THE BODY OF THE QUEEN-MOTHER OF ITALY, FOR BURIAL AT ROME: THE COFFIN ON THE WAY TO BORDIGHERA STATION.



IN THE TRAIN WHICH BORE THE BODY OF QUEEN MARGHERITA TO ROME: IN THE FUNERAL-COACH, WITH ITS ALTAR AND ITS ELECTRIC CANDELABRA.



THE SCENE OF AN ALARMING FIRE: THE BELMONT INSTITUTION, NEAR SUTTON, AFTER THE MAIN PART OF THE MIDDLE BLOCK HAD BEEN DESTROYED.



SAINT MICHAEL'S AND ALL ANGELS, WINDMILL HILL, BEDMINSTER, BRISTOL, DESTROYED BY FIRE: THE REMAINS OF THE WAR MEMORIAL WINDOW.



IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE START OF THE BRITISH SKI CHAMPIONSHIP, AT WENGEN: THE COMPETITORS RACING AT FULL SPEED DOWN THE LAUBERHORN SLOPES.



THE BRITISH SKI CHAMPIONSHIP, AT WENGEN: THE COMPETITORS LINING UP FOR THE START—INCLUDING THE WINNER, MR. W. E. R. MACKINTOSH.



CONTROLLING TRAFFIC IN ROME: ONE OF THE NEW METROPOLITAN (CIVIC) GUARDS.



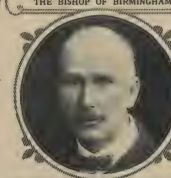
THE EMINENT ENGINEER WHO LIT "BIG BEN" ELECTRICALLY: THE LATE MR. CONRAD W. COOKE.



IN OPPOSITION TO THE ANGLO-CATHOLIC VICARS OF HIS DIOCESE: THE BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM.



A WELL-KNOWN CLERIC AND FREEMASON: THE LATE BISHOP OF THETFORD.



AN EXPERT ON EASTERN LIFE AND AFFAIRS: THE LATE MR. EDMUND CANDLER, C.B.E.



AFTER THE CROWN PRINCE HAD RENOUNCED HIS RIGHTS OF SUCCESSION: THE KING OF RUMANIA LEAVING THE COUNCIL.



THE ACCESSION OF THE NEW SHAH OF PERSIA: RIZA PEHLEVI SEATED ON THE MARBLE THRONE IN THE PALACE AT TEHERAN DURING HIS INAUGURATION.



FORMERLY MAIL-CARRIERS; NOW RED CROSS WORKERS FOR ACCIDENT-CASES: SIBERIAN DOGS IN THEIR ENCLOSURE AT A JUNGFRAU RAILWAY-STATION.

The remains of Queen Sufayalat now rest in a brick monument in the Cantonment Gardens, Rangoon—not, as the Burmese hoped, at Mandalay. The body is in a golden coffin set with precious stones. There was a mock cremation ceremony.—Considerable pomp was observed during the removal of the body of Queen Margherita from Bordighera to Rome, where her burial took place on January 11. The funeral coach conveying the coffin contained a chapel in which Requiem Masses were said during the journey. The side panels of the coach were left unveiled, so that the coffin might be visible to the hundreds of thousands who gathered along the railway line.—The Belmont Institution is under the authority of the Fulham Board of Guardians, and about one thousand male inmates are usually lodged there.—Fire broke out at St. Michael's and All Angels', Bedminster, on the morning of January 9, and destroyed the structure, including the War Memorial Window recently erected at a cost of £600. Only the vestry escaped. Incendiarism is suspected.—Mention is made of the British Ski Championship on another page. With regard to our photograph of the competitors, the central figure (in conical cap) is L. Dobbs, who was

second. Mr. Mackintosh, the winner, is next but one to him, towards the right of the photograph.—Mr. Conrad Cooke, who died on January 10, in his eighty-third year, installed the first electric light in the clock-tower at St. Stephen's, and helped to introduce incandescent gas-lighting.—The Bishop of Birmingham disapproves of the belief in the Real Presence held by fourteen Anglo-Catholic vicars in his diocese. It has been denied, however, that he is taking legal steps against the incumbents.—The Bishop of Thetford died suddenly in bed on January 6. In Freemasonry he was Provincial Grand Master for Norfolk.—Mr. Candler, who died in his fifty-second year, was special correspondent for the "Daily Mail" during the Younghusband Expedition to Lhasa in 1904. He was badly wounded and lost a hand. During the Great War he was official "Eye-Witness" in Mesopotamia.—In the photograph of King Ferdinand, behind his Majesty, are seen King George of Greece and his Queen.—Siberian dogs were used in Switzerland during the war to carry the mails and supplies up to the Jungfrau stations from Wengen, owing to the closing of the railway. They are now employed to draw sleighs for the transport of victims of mountaineering accidents.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

KOMMISARJEVSKY ON TCHEKHOV.—EVERYMAN AND MR. McDERMOTT.

THE happy touch of the producer made itself felt from the outset. When the curtain of the Little Theatre went up, there at a table sat Messrs. Ridgeway, Kennedy, and Kommisarjevsky in an attitude of intimate conversation. That friendly gesture was the only introduction we needed, and in a trice the distinguished Russian lecturer was unfolding the genius of Tchekhov.

The drama of Anton Tchekhov is not concerned with facts and figures: it is not a notebook realism,

all spending themselves in a vain effort; all striving to be free of the past; all failures in a narrow sense, but no longer failures if we accept that it is the effort towards a higher ideal which matters most.

Kommisarjevsky refutes the criticism that Tchekhov is without humour, and, in replying to a criticism by Mr. Zangwill, explained that translations were not always adequate. He declared that the first failures of Tchekhov in Russia were due to bad production. The technique was new. To-day he is played in every theatre, for the Russian playgoers are not satisfied to be merely amused. It would be strange if such a controversial theme passed without challenge, and, though one must agree that Tchekhov was an artist and a genius, he was not an almighty genius. He lacks technical skill, and his method often suggests his vision very incompletely. His humour is ironic and saturated with a distrust of life. Nor can he be freed from the enervating pessimism which Kommisarjevsky denies. The atmosphere is never dynamic, but always weary with futile strivings. There is a danger that Tchekhov may become a fetish. However, there can be nothing but praise for the admirable exposition of the Tchekhov genius, and admiration for the courage of Mr. Philip Ridgeway in producing his plays at Barnes. How well that is being done was self-evident in the admirable readings of excerpts from "Ivanov" which the company presented for our delight and illumination. They served their purpose to whet the appetite for more, and, whatever our opinion may be of the relative greatness of Tchekhov, there can be only one verdict on the production of M. Kommisarjevsky.

hardly attracted sufficient people to make the two ends meet.

Mr. McDermott must have ploughed through some very difficult times, and all the more credit to him that he has held out so long and done so much, not only as a manager but as a producer. He, like all mortals, has made his mistakes—we did not always see eye to eye with his method of projection—but it would be very churlish indeed not to say, now that he retires (but for a while only I hope), that he has deserved well of our modern drama, and that he has given greater opportunities to aspiring playwrights than—I will not say all, but a good bunch of the London theatres together.

From the first, through no fault of his, Mr. McDermott had to cumber himself with a laborious, I could almost say an impossible, machinery of administration. At one time he had, I believe, a score of directors, if not more. Their job was to bring the money; hence their place on the board. But even sounding names do not always impel audiences to attend, and so it came to pass that from the start, when the building was made ship-shape, there were financial difficulties. It is a heavy task for a man to cope with these as well as selecting and producing plays. But it is not necessary to go into all the vicissitudes of Everyman. Some are known; some, no doubt, will come to light when Mr. McDermott commits his experiences to book and history. The miracle is that, ever struggling with recalcitrant two ends, he has achieved so much, has held out so long. And the object-lesson of his handicapped battle is that nowadays, unlike in the past, when great achievements could be reached with very little money, the financial basis is Chapter I. of theatrical management. For to succeed there must be strong revenues to overcome reverses which, as every manager will tell us, are all too often the rule, whereas successes, few and far between, are the exception.

Everyman is very sorry to learn that Mr. Norman McDermott has decided to give up his management of the little theatre in Hampstead, which to him owed its existence and its fame. In his valediction, he does not mince matters. The enterprise has taxed his health as well as his resources, and after five years of up-hill fight he has arrived at the conclusion that a winner now and again, trans-

planted to the West End for a run, is not sufficient to keep the concern going. He has had conspicuous successes, from "Outward Bound" to "The Vortex" and "The Mask and the Face"; these plays have even gone far beyond the boundaries of these isles. They must have yielded Mr. McDermott a fair harvest, for, as the pioneer, he naturally remained interested in the rights of the authors. But, even so, what he reaped was not commensurate with the sowing. It helped him to tide over, but not to bridge solidly. And thus there was another factor, and one which rather astonishes the outsider. We could have sworn that Hampstead supported Everyman for all that wealthy suburb was worth. I have heard the denizens boast of "our theatre" with no less flourish than a Parisian speaks of the Comédie. We were under the impression that at Everyman the king could do no wrong; that even a tithe of his followers was sufficient to keep the theatre going; that there were reserve forces ready in more ways than one to back him up through thick and thin. But it was all fallacy. We have it on Mr. McDermott's own authority that the house was not as well frequented as it deserved. No doubt when there was a success—or names—there were full houses, but experiments and unheralded newcomers



A FAMOUS ACTRESS WELCOME BACK TO THE LONDON STAGE AFTER HER LONG TOUR ABROAD: MISS IRENE VANBRUGH, WHO WILL SHORTLY APPEAR IN "ALL THE KING'S HORSES," AT THE GLOBE THEATRE.

Miss Irene Vanbrugh, who has been on a long tour in Australia, will appear on January 25 at the Globe (where she was last seen before her departure) in Mr. C. E. Openshaw's new play, "All The King's Horses." The cast also includes Miss Janet Eccles, Mr. Allan Aynesworth, Mr. Arthur Pusey, and Mr. W. S. Warrington.—[Photograph by Pollard Crowther, F.R.P.S.]

but a drama of life itself, a drama that searches out meanings and sets out values. The drama of Tolstoy and Gorki was concerned with the practical ideals that might be achieved through social revolution, but Tchekhov, digging deeper, criticised and questioned life itself. He is an artist who has seen visions and creates reality. For life is more than facts, more than intellectual diagnosis of cause and effect; in the truest sense the artist creates life. So Tchekhov, at a time when we were content with Sardou and the drama of situation, was giving us true realism, the realism that attempts a vision of reality. His was the genius that is more than intellect; it was that supreme creative activity that interprets life in the light of humanity, and that creates types which, in spite of their national superficial characteristics, have the broad base of universality. These men and women cry in despair; they question and endure and reject the easy way of spiritual sloth.

But M. Kommisarjevsky will not agree that this is a drama of bleak pessimism. These characters feel that the struggle is not in vain. The reward cannot be theirs: it does not matter. They know that to strive is to suffer and that it is better to suffer than not to strive and not to understand. That cry of despair was the voice of the *intelligentsia* in the Russia of the chaotic 'eighties, when all the promise and high hopes were snuffed out with the death of Alexander II. That cry is first heard in Tchekhov drama in "Ivanov." But, failure though he prove, the virtue of Ivanov is that he has rebelled. His protest and his struggle against the fate that overwhelms him commands our sympathy. It is the distinction of all Tchekhov characters. Ivanov—Sonia—Irina, are all fine lives;



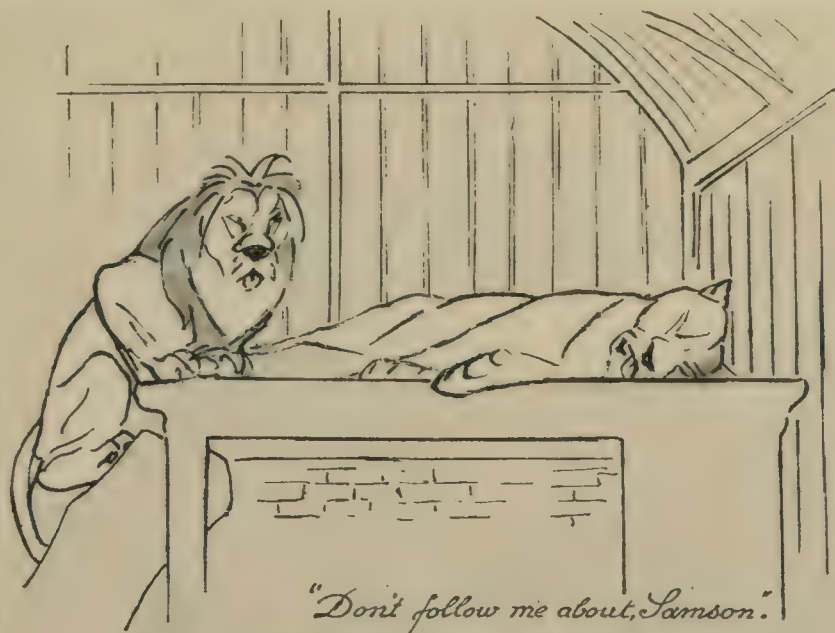
AN AMERICAN "A.D.C.": TWO UNDERGRADUATES OF PRINCETON UNIVERSITY (MR. WALLER B. BOOTH AND MR. JOHN C. TAYLOR) AS VENETIAN LOVERS IN A NEW COMIC OPERA, "FORTUNO," ALL WRITTEN AND PRODUCED BY MEMBERS OF THE PRINCETON TRIANGLE CLUB.

The Triangle Club of Princeton University, which corresponds to the dramatic societies of Oxford and Cambridge, was founded by Booth Tarkington, the well-known American author, when he was an undergraduate, and produced its first play in 1891. It is now well known all over the United States. Its new comic opera, "Fortuno," made a 4000-mile tour during the Christmas holidays, and gave three performances at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. Except the training of the chorus, everything connected with the Club's productions—book, music, scenery, costumes, and lighting—is done by the students. Many of the University's best athletes take part in the shows.

Photograph by White Studio.

HUMOURS OF THE "ZOO": STUDIES OF ANIMAL LIFE—No. III.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY J. A. SHEPHERD.



"Don't follow me about, Samson."



"Take your fuzzy old head away."



"There's only room for one up here."



"Don't flop on me like that."



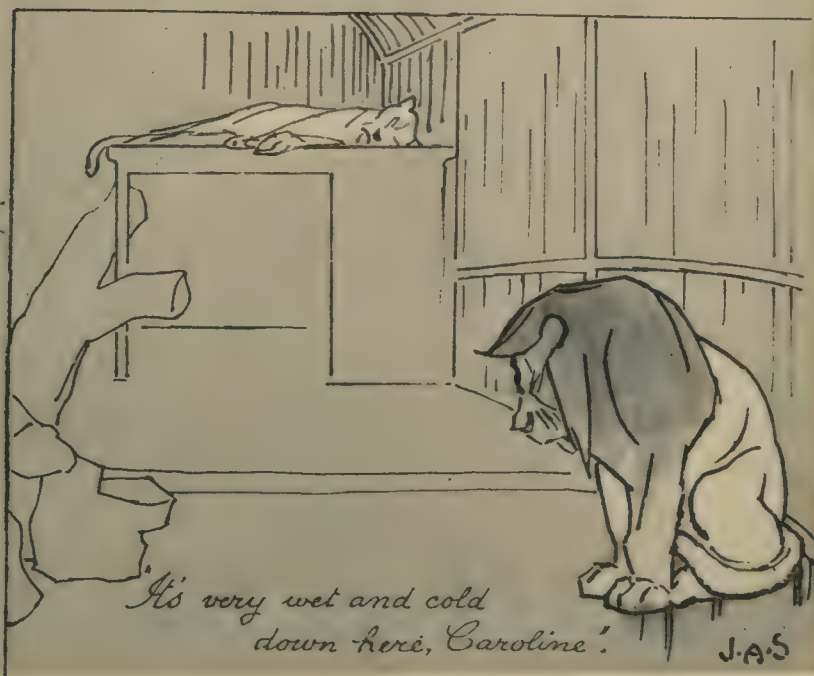
"Keep still!"



"Don't fidget."



"Oh, get out!"



"It's very wet and cold down here, Caroline."

J.A.S.

LEO IN THE DESCENDANT: THE KING OF BEASTS THINKS HE KNOWS WHICH IS THE UNFAIR SEX.

"Caroline," says Mr. Shepherd, explaining these sketches, "wishes to be alone. Samson has no tact; he goes blundering after her. There is some excuse for Caroline's irritability. The Lion House is in the builders' hands for alterations and repairs; the whitewashers are expected every moment—

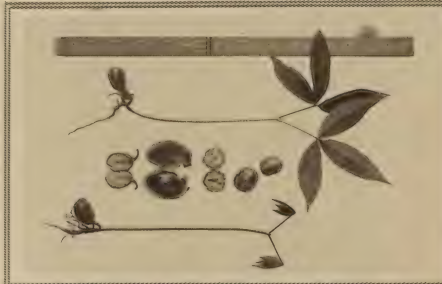
and we all know what that means. Also there's the weather, and the New Year to face. Moreover, Samson is getting old and rather stupid and a little bit shaky, as most lions are when they get on in years. He deserves some sympathy."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

A BRITISH COMMODITY WHOSE PRICE HAS AGITATED

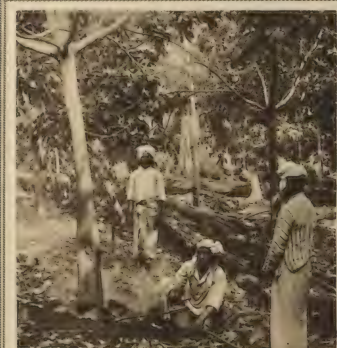
PHOTOGRAPHS (EXCEPT NOS. 8 AND 11) REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. GUTHRIE AND CO., LTD., FROM THEIR BOOK, "THE PRODUCTION OF



1. PREPARING THE GROUND FOR A RUBBER PLANTATION: A "BURN" IN THE JUNGLE, THE WASTEFUL BUT APPARENTLY INEVITABLE METHOD OF OPENING-UP WILD FOREST, STILL USED AS IN THE EARLY DAYS.



2. A RUBBER TREE IN EMBRYO: SEEDLINGS AND SEEDS, WHICH MUST BE PLANTED WITHIN A WEEK IN ORDER TO GERMINATE (THE FOOT-RULE INDICATING THEIR SIZE).



5. PEST-PREVENTION WORK IN PROGRESS ON A RUBBER PLANTATION: TREATING TREES ATTACKED BY WHITE ANTS WITH POISON-GAS PUMPED INTO ANT "RUNS."



6. RUBBER IN TAPPING—SHOWING BARK AT DIFFERENT STAGES OF RENEWAL, WITH LATEX CUPS, ATTACHED TO TREES: A PLANTATION AND ONE OF THE EXCELLENT ESTATE ROADS.

THE production of rubber is a subject of great interest just now through the agitation raised in America by Mr. Hoover, the United States Secretary of Commerce, against the present high price of British rubber from the Malayan plantations, resulting from Government control of the industry. Mr. Hoover has by no means met with universal support in America, but has been strongly criticised both by politicians and in the Press. Our photographs illustrate some successive stages in the production of rubber, arranged numerically in order of events. We append explanatory notes given in the book from which the photographs are taken.—*The Production of Plantation Rubber.* (Continued opposite.



9. HOW THE RAW RUBBER LEAVES THE PLANTATION: A TANK OF LATEX BEING CONVEYED FROM A COLLECTING STATION TO A FACTORY IN A MALAYAN BULLOCK-CART.



10. THE FIRST PROCESS AFTER THE RECEIPT OF THE LATEX IN A FACTORY: LABOURERS POURING IT INTO A TANK FOR COAGULATION, MIXED WITH A LITTLE ACETIC ACID.

AMERICA: MALAYAN RUBBER—STAGES OF ITS PRODUCTION.

PLANTATION RUBBER"; NO. 8 BY COURTESY OF THE RUBBER ESTATES AGENCY, LTD.; NO. 11 BY COURTESY OF THE RUBBER GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.



3. JUNGLE TRANSFORMED INTO A RUBBER PLANTATION: A CLEARING NEWLY PLANTED—SHOWING HOW THE TREES ARE SET IN REGULAR LINES AT FIXED DISTANCES.



4. TWO YEARS AFTER PLANTING: A RUBBER ESTATE WITH YOUNG TREES, WHICH ARE NOT TAPPED, AS A RULE, UNTIL THE FIFTH YEAR, THE WORK MEANWHILE CONSISTING OF WEEDING AND PREVENTING PESTS OR DISEASE.

tion Rubber," issued by Messrs. Guthrie, of 5, Whitlington Avenue, E.C.1: "The first step towards creating a Rubber Plantation is clearing the land selected. In almost all cases the land is covered with tropical jungle which has to be felled and burnt off. The photograph (No. 1 above) shows a 'burn' in progress. . . . The plants are raised from selected seed. . . . Rubber clearings are planted in regular lines at fixed distances (see Photograph No. 3). The next picture (No. 4) illustrates the growth of the rubber tree about two years after planting. Tapping usually does not commence until the fifth year. Until the rubber comes into bearing, the principal works (Continued below.



7. TAPPING A TREE FOR RUBBER ON A MALAYAN PLANTATION: A TAPPER AT WORK—SHOWING HOW THE LATEX CUP IS ATTACHED TO THE TREE BY MEANS OF WIRE.



8. SHOWING HOW THE BARK OF A RUBBER TREE GROWS AGAIN AFTER BEING CUT FOR TAPPING THE LATEX: AN EXAMPLE OF BARK RENEWAL ON A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD TREE.



11. CRÊPE RUBBER, MADE IN LONG IRREGULAR STRIPS (NOT IN UNIFORM SIZES, AS WITH SMOKED SHEET RUBBER): NATIVES FOLDING CRÊPE FOR PACKING.



12. THE FINISHED PRODUCT: A REPRESENTATIVE COLLECTION OF DIFFERENT GRADES OF RUBBER, INCLUDING SMOKED SHEET AND NO. 1 CRÊPE, BOTH MADE FROM FIRST-GRADE LATEX.

involved are weeding and treatment for counteracting pests and preventing and eradicating diseases. In tapping . . . the tree is divided into sections or panels, each of which is calculated to be tapped for a fixed period. Changing from one panel to another in fields of the same age is arranged to take place simultaneously, and a cycle of turnovers is arranged so as to allow a period of years (usually eight or ten) to elapse before a panel is again brought under the tapping knife. . . . Latex cups are attached to the trees by means of wire. After the latex has ceased to flow, the cups are emptied by the tappers into pails. These pails are then either carried by the tapper direct to the factory or to a central collecting station for conveyance by cart or lorry to the factory. The first process after receipt of the latex in the factory is coagulation. This is usually done by the addition of a little

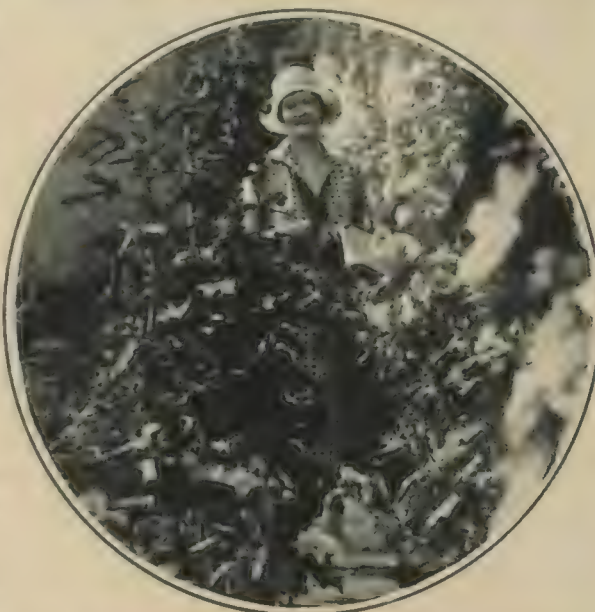
diluted acetic acid. Coagulation is either carried out in a tank or in pans. The labourers are here (Photograph No. 10) seen pouring latex into a tank for coagulation in bulk. After the acetic acid has been added and well mixed with the latex, boards are fitted into the tank in the slots shown in the photograph: this ensures sheets of a uniform size and thickness. After the rubber is coagulated it is passed through rolling machines. Plantation rubber is prepared in two main forms—crêpe and smoked sheet. The crêpe after machining is hung up to dry in the drying shed. The sheet is hung up in the smoke house and smoked. While smoked sheet is made in uniform sizes, crêpe is made in long irregular strips." The history of the industry—a romance of trade—is told in an interesting illustrated booklet, "Rubber Planting in Malaya," issued by the Malay States Information Agency, 88, Cannon Street, E.C.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

ITALY is still mourning its Pearl of Savoy, the beautiful Queen Margherita. She was an outstanding figure in her times, a woman of fine character, kind and generous nature, and of charm, or personal magnetism, equally with our own Queen-Mother. She retired from Court life when the present King, her only child, married, but was the centre of a very brilliant section of the social life of Rome. Her grandchildren were a keen interest to her, and she loved to have them with her. In looks, Queen Margherita was a great contrast to Queen Elena—both being very handsome, or, perhaps more correctly, the first beautiful, and the second handsome. The Queen-Mother was fair and had singularly magnificent and expressive grey-blue eyes. Queen Elena is, of course, dark, and has dark hair and eyes. Like most people who remember best the old régime, Queen Margherita regretted the past, and was sorry for the merging of social castes, although herself very unconventionally democratic. Beyond all things she loved Nature, and was never happier in her younger days than when on a climbing expedition, and of late years when motoring amid the lovely scenes of her most beautiful and beloved country. Her brother, Prince Tomaso, Duca de Gena, married Princess Isabelle of Bavaria, and they had six sons and daughters. In these nephews and nieces the late Queen was also greatly interested.

The late Dowager Duchess of Argyll, who chose for herself so unusual a funeral, was a very able woman, and acted for some time as private secretary to Queen Victoria, to whom, until her marriage, she was an Extra Woman of the Bedchamber. Her brother, Sir John McNeill, had a tragic end by drowning, which was a great blow to her, as they were deeply attached to each other. The late Duchess was not wealthy at all, and her last illness was long and costly. She has, I am told, left some rather fine jewellery, which will shortly be sold. Her sister-in-law, the good and clever Lady Frances

Children's parties have ushered in this New Year. Many hostesses, instead of having them at home, have made up parties to take to one or other of those given to help poor children, thus following the example set by so many dance hostesses for grown-up



THE CHATELAINE OF HADDON HALL: THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND IN THE GARDENS OF THE ROMANTIC OLD MANSION NOW TO BE HER HOME.

people. The small folk thoroughly enjoy seeing a number of others, especially if all are in fancy dress. The Barnardo Homes "Peter Pan" party was particularly successful, and, of course, fortunate in having Princess Beatrice there, and the Marchioness of Milford Haven to be hostess.

The dresses of the little people were excellent: the wee-est was a Boy Messenger, his name was Brammal, and he was just over two. The prettiest was a little rosebud wearing a little petal dress and a petal cap, with a little green cup at the top, and a real little rosebud of a face looking out from it, framed in an aureole of fair curls. She is Miss Celia Coke, youngest daughter of Major the Hon. John and Mrs. Coke. No one apparently admired the little rosebud more than her tall, handsome sister, Miss Rosemary Coke, who was of Mrs. John Coke's party. The most remarkable dresses were worn by Miss Barbara and Miss Nancy Beaton—one in a Venetian white and gold costume, the other as a Victorian. Mrs. Gordon Moore's girl, Peggie, scored a success as a white-and-silver Venetian lady. Lady Weigall had a party, and her young daughter enjoyed herself immensely. There was a Punch and Judy and dancing displays, and a visit from Peter Pan and the Pirates from the Shaftesbury Theatre just as they came off the stage.

A smaller affair, and a very pretty and enjoyable one, was at the Hyde Park Hotel, and was organised by Mrs. Richard Ford for the League of Pity, which is the children's section of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Here the children were not crowded out by grown-ups, and it was a pretty sight to see them dancing in their fancy dresses.

There were several Naval Cadets in uniform, of whom one was young Viscount Bridport,

a tall and handsome lad with delightful manners. His sister, the Hon. Mary Hood, looked very pretty in a peasant dress of one of the Swiss Cantons. Lady Bridport, so created by the King, although her husband did not survive his father, but lost his life at Gallipoli, was not well enough to be with her son and daughter, who were helping Mrs. Auberon Kennard to sell balloons. Happily, they were able to give very favourable accounts of her. The Countess of Ypres was present for some time. Her son and daughter, both of tender years, were overdone with parties, and too tired to attend.

A trio in miniature which attracted much admiration were an officer of the Guards, complete in every respect, even to the mourning band on his left sleeve—he was just a little bit taller than his own bearskin, and his name is Bobbie Cooper; a French Navy sailor, and a Breton peasant. The two latter tinies were Mrs. Richard Ford's son and daughter. An attractive wee mite was Miss Mary Davies, who was attired in pink and white, exactly like her own doll. The smaller the child the more attractive was the picture made, and as they all danced together, with hardly ever a grown-up incursion into the dancing space, the effect was delightful.

Last week I wrote of Henrietta Lady Gilmour in connection with the death of her younger son, Captain Harry Gilmour. She died a week later, the shock of her son's death proving too much for her after long anxiety about him. It was hard for Sir John Gilmour, Secretary of State for Scotland, the Hon. Mrs. Younger, and Mrs. Purvis losing mother and brother in a week.

The Marchioness of Carisbrooke was a longer time recovering from the operation to her foot than was expected, but the recovery will be complete. Lady Carisbrooke has gone to her brother's place and her girlhood's home, Blankney. Lord Carisbrooke went to see his sister and brother-in-law, the King and Queen of Spain, and soon will leave with Lady Carisbrooke for a visit to South America. Their only child, Lady Iris Mountbatten, celebrated her sixth birthday this week. She is a very pretty, dainty child, and, I am told, a little lady of character.

A. E. L.



SON AND HEIR OF THE DUKE OF RUTLAND: THE YOUNG MARQUESS OF GRANBY ON THE TENNIS COURTS AT HADDON HALL.



FISHING IN THE WYE NEAR HADDON HALL, HIS FAMOUS DERBYSHIRE SEAT WHICH HE IS PREPARING FOR OCCUPATION: THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.

Haddon Hall, the Duke of Rutland's beautiful and historic seat in Derbyshire, which has been unoccupied for over a hundred years, is now being prepared for the family to go into residence. Photographs of the house and its surroundings, with a note on its history and the romance of Dorothy Vernon, appear on pages 88 and 89 of this number.—[Photographs by Hal Linden.]

Balfour, voyaged with her remains from Oban to Iona, and a stormy voyage it was. During the whole of it Lady Frances sat on a chair on deck, although it was necessary to lash the chair to secure it, because the little steamer *Princess Louise* pitched and rolled so much.

A CAUSE OF ACRIMONIOUS DISCUSSION: A FILM OF THE EX-KAISER.

By COURTESY OF PATHÉ FRÈRES.



IN THE DAYS OF HIS MILITARY GLORY: THE KAISER AS WAR LORD REVIEWING TROOPS OF THE GERMAN ARMY.



IN RETIREMENT AT DOORN: THE EX-KAISER, IN WINTER FURS, WITH HIS SECOND WIFE AND HER CHILDREN OUT IN THE SNOW.



THE EXILE OF DOORN: THE EX-KAISER WITH HIS SECOND WIFE, HIS WOLFHOUND, AND HIS DACHSHUND.



APPARENTLY SATISFIED WITH LIFE: THE EX-KAISER IN THE GROUNDS AT DOORN, WITH HIS SECOND WIFE.



OUTSIDE HIS HOUSE AT DOORN: THE EX-KAISER WITH HIS WIFE AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS STARTING FOR A WALK.



WALKING IN A VILLAGE STREET NEAR HIS HOME AT DOORN: THE EX-KAISER WITH HIS SECOND WIFE AND HER CHILDREN.

Some moving pictures of the ex-Kaiser, showing him as he was in the days of his military glory, and as he is now, living the leisurely and comfortable life of a country gentleman in his place of exile at Doorn, were shown recently in the Pathé Gazette, and caused much discussion. It may be recalled that the ex-Kaiser's first wife, the late Empress Augusta Victoria, died at Doorn, where she had shared

the first years of his exile, on April 11, 1921. They had been married in 1881. On November 5, 1922, he married, secondly, at Doorn, Princess Hermine, widow of the late Prince John George of Schönaich-Carolath. The ex-Kaiser has had no children by his second marriage. Those seen in the photographs are his step-children. Doorn is an estate in the Dutch province of Utrecht.

Fashions &

Making the Most of the Sales.

There is a world of romantic possibilities in the familiar word "remnants." The counter is loaded with materials of every hue, which can be transformed surprisingly by the clever needlewoman into fascinating lingerie, jumpers, and scarves. There are rumours, too, of the new spring suits and three-piece toilettes being completed with waistcoats of satin and grosgrain, or demure little collars and cuffs of organdie, some stiffly upright like the Elizabethan ruffle, and others modelled on the boyish Eton collar. These can be easily fashioned from odd remnants bought for a mere song, and will make all the difference to a dull suit under the spring sunshine. As for lingerie, the modern garments are such simple affairs that a few yards will make quite a trousseau, and spring brides should surely take advantage of the January sales.

Still in Progress.

There are still many bargains to be secured in the sale at Gorrings, Buckingham Palace

Road, S.W. Kiddies' knitted jumpers in wool and artificial silk can be obtained for 10s. 6d., and grown-ups will find an infinite variety of gaily patterned knitted cardigans reduced to 21s. each. Then there are "chubby" umbrellas, with the newest French handles, available for 6s. 11d., and real nappa gloves, fleecy lined, are available at 3s. 11½d. a pair. An illustrated catalogue will be sent post free on request.

Bargains in House Linen.

The present sale at Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street, W., affords a splendid opportunity

of acquiring household linen at advantageous prices. Antique linen hand-embroidered and hemstitched dinner sets, each comprising twenty-five pieces, are obtainable for 23s. 9d., and hand-embroidered tea-cloths of fine linen are 15s. 9d. Then, 500 pairs of pure linen sheets have been offered at 36s. 10d. a pair, single-bed size, and hemmed cotton sheets are only 15s. 11d. a pair. In other departments are oddments in wool coats and jumpers marked at 5s., and others at 15s.—these in artificial silk, hand-knitted in various colours.



ELL
TOLLO

Two perfectly tailored coats and skirts for town and country built by Aquascutum, of 100, Regent Street, W. The "Oxford" on the right is carried out in tweed, and the "Airlie" in this firm's well-known Aquascutum cloth.

A Furnishing Sale.

No time must be lost before applying to Hampton's, Pall Mall East, S.W., for a copy of their

sale catalogue, which will be sent free on request. There are carpets—Axminsters, Wiltons, Saxons, etc.—offered in many instances at less than half-price, and Wilton rugs, size 4 ft. 6 in. by 1 ft. 10 in., can be secured for 11s. 3d. Cretonnes are also much reduced in price; one, for example, from 2s. 3d. to 11½d. a yard, and another from 2s. 11½d. to 1s. 2½d. per yard, and a personal visit must be made to view the infinite variety of materials for curtains and upholstery, as well as the splendid furniture bargains.

Coats and Skirts for Town and Country.

It is not too early to think of spring suits, and already new models may be made to order at Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, W. From this firm come the perfectly tailored coats and skirts pictured above. The "Airlie," with the short coat and slot fastening, can be made from 12 guineas in Aquascutum cloths, and from 10 guineas in tweeds; while the country suit at the back, the "Oxford," ranges from 10 guineas, in a variety of tweeds. In the same salons are new short coats in antique leather, effectively marked, ideal for golf and motoring, while for general country wear are the well-known lightweight Aquascutum coats, available from 6 guineas. For rainy weather in town or country, the "Field" model is invaluable, a well-made weatherproof coat costing only 3½ guineas.

"Dri-ped" Fears No Puddles.

Splashing through puddles has an irresistible attraction for little people, thus causing endless anxiety to prudent mothers. But fears of chill and wet feet can be allayed by wearing "Dri-ped" soled footwear, for it is guaranteed to be waterproof

Fancies

and to give double wear. "Dri-ped" sole leather, stamped with the familiar purple diamonds, is a talisman against ills, and is as economical as it is practical. "Dri-ped" soled footwear and repairs are obtainable everywhere, but should any difficulty be experienced, application should be made to the manufacturers at Bolton, Lancs.

The Early Spring and the Complexion.

The first three months of the year are always trying to the complexion, for March winds follow February cold without allowing a respite. A simple precaution which everyone can take is never to be without a bottle of Beetham's "La-rola" (price 1s. 6d., from all chemists), for this soothing emollient—which has a delightful fragrance—nourishes the delicate tissues of the skin and prevents the hard, dry appearance which so often attacks the complexion. A few drops massaged gently into the skin daily will achieve wonders, and there is no reason why even the most ardent open-air enthusiast should suffer a spoiled complexion; the remedy lies in her own hands.

Bargains for Everyone's Wardrobe.

The great sale at Woolland Brothers, Knightsbridge, S.W., continues until the end of the month, and there are countless bargains in every department. An illustrated catalogue will be sent post free on request. French models are being sold at considerably below cost price, and there are special bargains in semi-evening frocks. Well-tailored coats and skirts for country wear in check West of England suiting can be obtained for 3½ guineas, and fur-trimmed models of velour have been reduced to 5 guineas. Then there are warm woollen dressing-gowns, blanket-stitched with self-colour, available for 29s. 6d., and a useful slip of lace-stitch wool made for lining a thin dressing-gown is 22s. 9d. For kiddies, too, are many gilt-edged investments, including short-coating frocks, hand-made and trimmed with lace or embroidery, ranging from 9s. 11d. to 69s. 6d., and pretty frocks for the schoolgirl range from 21s.



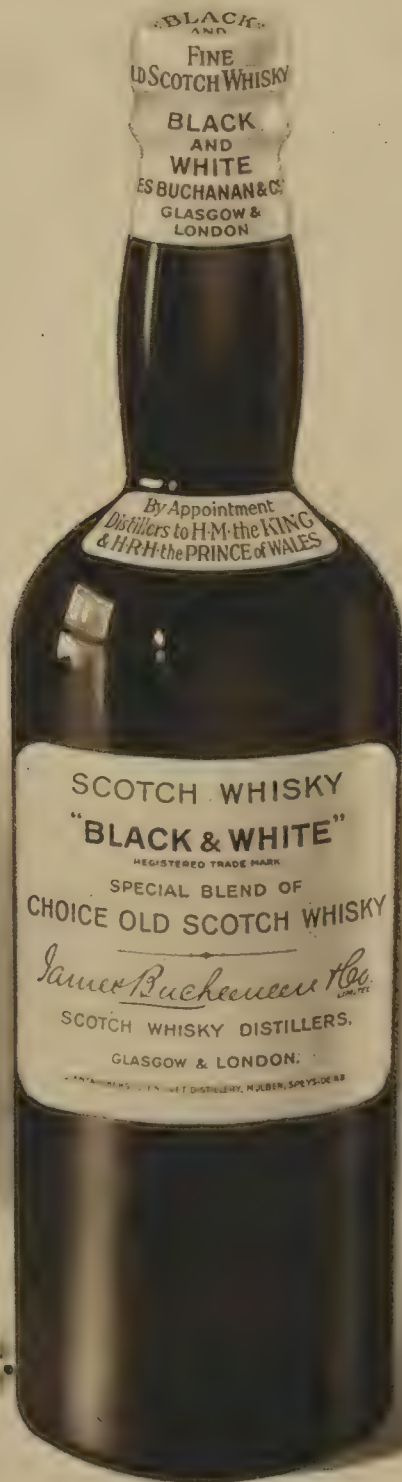
No fears of chills and scoldings haunt these little people, for they are wearing Dri-ped soled footwear, which is guaranteed waterproof, and will withstand the hardest wear: Dri-ped is economical and practical.

The wind may blow its hardest, but it can have no ill-effects on the delicate complexion of the woman who uses Beetham's La-rola to protect the skin from its attacks.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"9.45" AT THE COMEDY.

AMERICAN crook plays, when they are good, are usually very good, and, fortunately, it is possible to speak in such superlative terms of the latest of them, "9.45," of which Owen Davies and Sewell



A WINTER SPORT ACCIDENT IN WHICH SEVERAL SPECTATORS WERE INJURED: A BOBSLEIGH SHOOT OVER THE EMBANKMENT AT THE "SUNNY CORNER" BEND ON THE ST. MORITZ RUN.

A nasty accident took place recently on the bobsleigh run at St. Moritz. At the bend known as Sunny Corner a bobsleigh manned by an inexperienced team went over the top of the bank and injured several spectators. Our photograph shows some of the occupants flung against the bank, and two spectators (on the right) standing behind the parapet.—[Photo. Sport and General]

Collins are the authors. This is as exciting and puzzling a story as has ever crossed the Atlantic, and, thanks to admirable stagecraft, while it teases its audience, it never wearies them. It begins at the beginning; you hear a shot before the curtain goes up, and as light appears on the stage—lo! out of a cupboard tumbles a dead body, hardly cold after the revolver fire. Gradually you learn that the killed man scarcely deserved his mother's lamentations, but meantime the law is already at work and following up its clues. First, a pair of young lovers come under suspicion. Then a nice old butler makes a confession, which is followed by one from his daughter, the parlourmaid. After that the chauffeur puts in a claim. The beauty of this play is that it holds playgoers on tenterhooks, and keeps its secret to the very end of the tale. A capital entertainment this, with good parts for Miss Dorothy Tetley and Mr. Franklyn Bellamy as the lovers; Mr. Leicester, Miss Allison Leggatt, and Mr. Kenneth Kent as butler, parlourmaid, and chauffeur respectively; and in particular for Mr. Arthur Finn, an amusingly dictatorial inspector, and Miss Margaret Moffat, an Irishwoman most lively in repartee.

"TRICKS," AND "THE BLUE KITTEN."

Among lighter pieces staged lately have been a new revue at the Apollo and a new musical comedy at the Gaiety. "Tricks," as the Apollo show is styled, seems mainly designed to exploit the talents of the Trix Sisters. They are backed by a hard-working company which includes Mr. Bert Coote, whose drollery gives point to incidental "sketches," and Miss Margaret Yarde, who has afforded delight in many a seventeenth or eighteenth-century comedy, and here offers a laughable burlesque of Miss Tallulah Bankhead in "The Green Hat." As for the Gaiety entertainment, "The Blue Kitten," it seems to have begun life in Paris, to have been adapted for New York, and so, no doubt after other adaptations, to have reached London. It betrays its American associations. There is glitter about it and snap; it has a well-drilled chorus; what is lacking about it is any spontaneity in the way of humour. Mr. W. H. Berry, most unctuous of our musical-comedy comedians, is in the cast, but he has still to make his opportunities; and Miss Ethel Levey gives us in song and dance only a flash or two of the vivacity we remember. Both these artists need more scope; when they get going "The Blue Kitten" will be a most enjoyable affair.



BELIEVED TO BE THE FIRST OF A DYING RACE OF MAYA INDIANS WHO HAS EVER VISITED ENGLAND: EMILIA VASQUEZ STANDING BY AN ANCIENT MAYA MONOLITH IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM, WHERE SHE WAS INTRODUCED TO A LECTURE AUDIENCE BY MR. F. A. MITCHELL-HEDGES.

During his lecture at the British Museum on Sunday, January 10, on the discovery (in which he took a leading part) of the buried Maya city of Lubaantun, in British Honduras, Mr. F. A. Mitchell-Hedges introduced to the audience a young girl of the Maya Kekchi tribe of Central American Indians. She is believed to be the first of her race to visit England. They have dwindled to a scanty remnant in the wilds of British Honduras, around the ruins of a dead civilisation.—[Photograph by C.N.]

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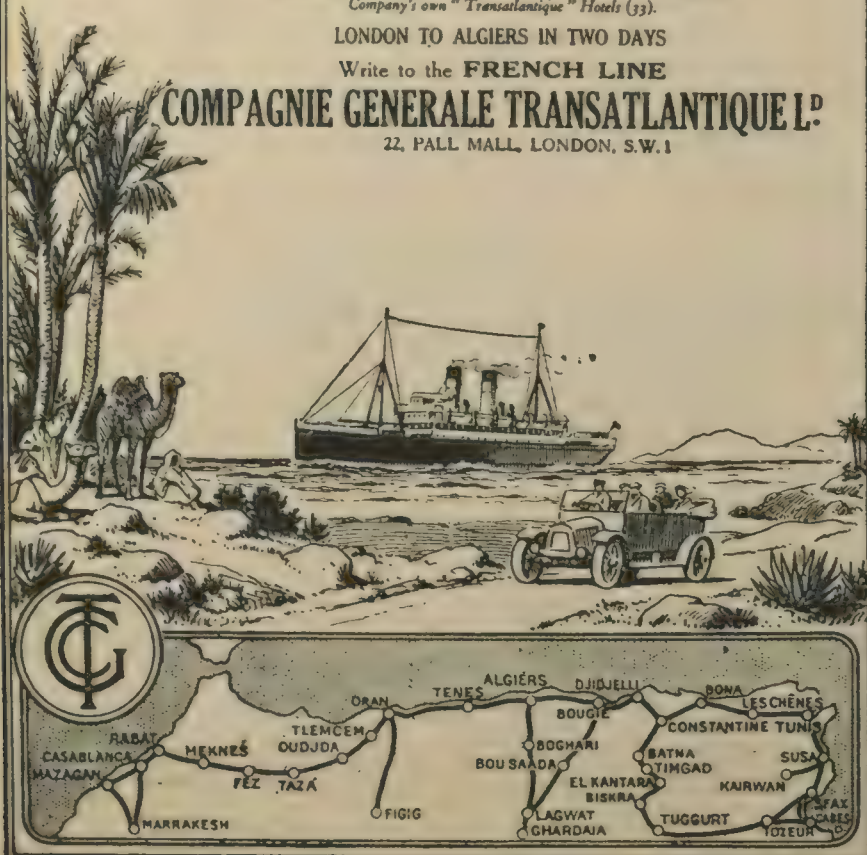
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RADIO NOTES.

BEFORE many months have passed the first of the new Marconi-type beam stations will be brought into operation, and in the course of the year direct high-speed wireless services on the Marconi short-wave beam system will be established with all the principal Dominions.

By means of the beam system, whereby the radiated energy is concentrated in one direction, very much smaller power is required for communicating over any given distance than in the case of high-power stations which radiate energy in all directions. In addition, the speed of working and freedom from interference have been greatly increased. Thus, not only will beam stations give direct communication between Great Britain and the Dominions by a system which has proved itself during Senatore Marconi's recent experiments to be superior to anything existing hitherto, but they open up possibilities with regard to Imperial communication which have never before been available, and have been the ambition of the Dominions for many years past.

The stations now nearing completion are at Bodmin, in Cornwall, and at Bridgwater, Somerset. Bodmin will be the transmitting station used for communication with Canada and South Africa, and Bridgwater will be the receiving station for these services. At each station there are ten masts—five for communication with each Dominion. The design of the masts is identical for both transmitting and receiving stations, but each row of five masts forms a straight line at right angles to the direction in which communication is to be established. In the one case the aerial and reflector are utilised to concentrate the wireless energy and transmit signals in a particular direction, and in the other case the same arrangement is used to collect the received energy and concentrate it, thereby still further increasing the signal strength. The corresponding stations, which are near Montreal and Capetown respectively, are practically in the same state of advancement as the British stations; but other similar stations of the Imperial system are being erected at Grimsby and Skegness, for communication with India and Australia. At the present time the Marconi Company has in hand no fewer than seventeen short-wave transmitting stations, including its own at Dorchester for communication with New York and South America.

On the British side, transmitting and receiving stations will be connected by land lines with the

Central Telegraph Office, G.P.O., London, so that outgoing and incoming messages, via Bodmin and Bridgwater respectively, will be dealt with at the same table in the London office, thus giving true duplex working and complete central control over the traffic. The Imperial stations have been designed and are being built by Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Company, Ltd., for the General Post Office.

The world's largest broadcasting receiver is claimed to be in the possession of the London Hospital, where 1000 in-patients are now able to listen to music and



"MAGIC BOTTLES" THROUGH WHICH BROADCASTS MUST PASS BEFORE CONVERSION TO RADIO WAVES: HIGH-POWER TRANSMITTING VALVES.

When sounds reach the microphone in a broadcasting studio, a current bearing the electrical effect of the sounds passes to the rest of the transmitting equipment, which includes large valves as illustrated above. After the valves have performed their work, high-frequency waves bearing the electrical equivalent of the broadcast sounds are sent into space via the transmitting aerial.

Photograph by Photopress.

other entertainment. The receiver is a six-valve super-Hetrodyne set, followed by a ten-valve power amplifier, making sixteen valves in all. Receiver, batteries, and charging plant are housed in an

asbestos-lined hut on the roof of the hospital. The aerial consists of a small metal plate only, fixed on the roof of the hut. A head-phone is fitted beside each of the 842 beds, and loud-speakers are provided in the children's wards. Such a powerful receiver, serving so many listeners, naturally makes very heavy demands on its electrical supply, and special arrangements had to be made to ensure periodical re-charging of the batteries without inconvenience to the hospital staff.

Motor generators are used for charging the batteries, and these are controlled by automatic switches which start the generators immediately the receiving set is switched off. When the batteries are fully charged, the automatic switches stop the generators. The latter are also stopped if the receiver is switched on during charging. Automatic control of this nature dispenses with the need for skilled attendance, and the whole plant is governed by one simple switch in the porter's lodge at the main entrance to the hospital. The complete installation has been designed and presented to the hospital by the Igranic Electric Company, Ltd., in connection with the *Daily News* "Wireless for Hospitals Fund."

Once a week, some of the B.B.C. stations are now broadcasting the serial numbers of four or five Broadcast licenses, and those listeners who own licenses bearing the numbers announced are invited to make suggestions from which programme items will be chosen.

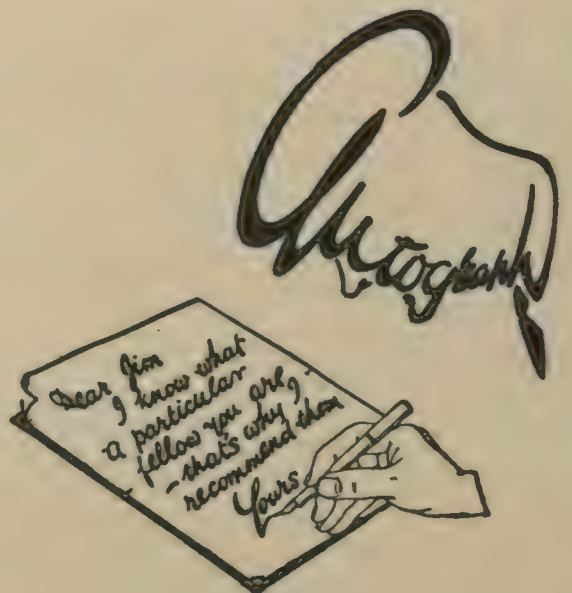
Saturday afternoon concerts of the "popular" kind will be inaugurated on Jan. 30 from five to seven p.m., and will issue from London broadcasting station. These will continue until early spring.

On Saturday, Feb. 6, the characteristic sounds and the "atmosphere" of the London Fire Brigade at work will be broadcast from London.

Sir Harry Lauder will give his second broadcast performance simultaneously from all stations on Saturday, March 6, at 9.15 p.m.

According to a General Post Office Return, no fewer than 1,574,732 broadcast licenses had been issued up to Nov. 30 last year.

Some remarkably fine skiing tracks, made by a ski-er on a snow slope at St. Moritz, were illustrated on a full page in our issue of January 9. It has since been pointed out to us that the tracks shown were all downward tracks, and not, as stated in our description, "upward zigzags and straight descent."



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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

In the Matter
of Taxation.

We are now getting along towards the time when the nation's finance for the ensuing year will come under serious discussion, and, in view of the categorical statements which have been made as to "raids" on



WINTER MOTORING IN WARWICKSHIRE: A STANDARD 11-H.P. "KNOWLE" FOUR-SEATER ON THE ROAD NEAR STONELEIGH.

the Road Fund and a readjustment of the basis of motor taxation, it seems to be time there was a reasoned case in being showing the motorists' side of the matter. There has been much discussion of the subject, but it has mainly taken the shape of bitter tirades against the injustice of the proposed alteration, more especially against the project to take money from the Road Fund and apply it to other purposes. That is all very well in its way. I doubt if one could find a single soul to justify the contemplated raid on

a basis of justice or good faith; but there must be a very large number who would attempt its justification on grounds of expediency. As a matter of fact, although I think it is a fair presumption that a majority of the House of Commons actually do deprecate the course indicated by the Chancellor as being a breach of faith and undertaking, it is equally certain that, unless really effective opposition is forthcoming, that majority will vote for the new order of things as something which is expedient, and therefore in the public interest.

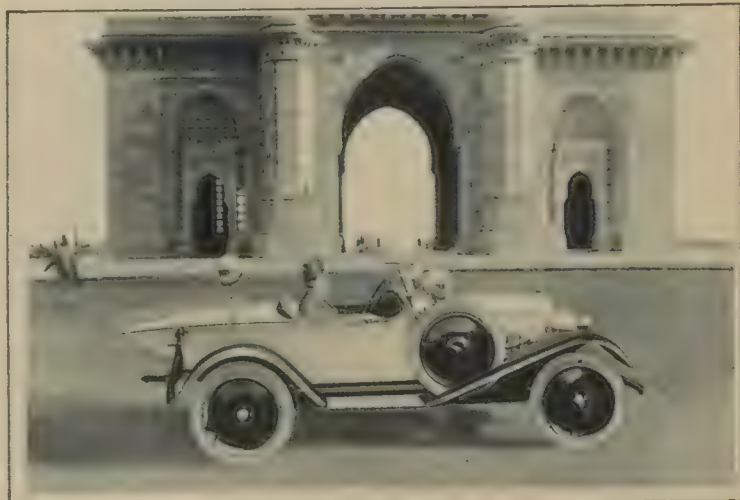
I am afraid we are in for a bad time in this direction, unless, as I have already pointed out, some effective counter can be found. Of course, the whole scheme is wrong from the start. The motorist is finding now about fifteen millions sterling per annum for the roads, and this is increasing every year. The total present expenditure on roads verges upon forty millions, and the question is whether the country is in a position to afford such a colossal outlay. It cannot be denied that we want the roads. Communications are the very life of the community, and the better they are the better the conditions under which the community can exist. That is true of almost every phase of national and individual life—so much so that it amounts to a truism. But we reach a point in our striving for better conditions at which we have to call a halt. In the case of the individual, if he wants a new winter overcoat, he has first to consider ways and means—in other words, can he afford it? If he can, well and good. If he cannot, then he must go without. The case of the nation is parallel, except that under present conditions the last thing which seems to be considered is this fundamental one of ability to afford the expenditure.

Restrict New
Construction.

It seems to me that there is no need to argue the question of whether we can afford forty millions a year for roads. We have only to regard the conditions to reach the immediate conclusion that we cannot, and that the expenditure ought to be

materially reduced, much as we should like to have the roads. But, supposing the expenditure were reduced, would it assist in getting any relief for the motorist? I doubt it very much indeed. The reduction would come from the Treasury funds and the local rates, leaving the motorist exactly where he stands now.

I have always thought that it was a fundamental error to have accepted the principle that the motor vehicle should be taxed directly for the upkeep of the highways. We were infinitely better off when all the taxes went into the Exchequer funds, and State contributions were made out of the general funds of the nation. I think the best way out of a bad situation would be to abolish the Road Fund as it exists now, with its special contribution for one class of traffic



THE GAEKWAR OF BARODA'S NEW CAR FOR HUNTING EXPEDITIONS: HIS 9-20-H.P. ROVER (SPORTS MODEL) BESIDE THE GATEWAY OF INDIA, AT BOMBAY.

The Gaekwar of Baroda has recently purchased this car, through the Bombay agents, for use on hunting expeditions, and has had it specially equipped with three lights, luggage-grid for small game, gun-rack, pistol-holster, and hunting-knife carrier. The wind-screen has been re-designed to enable a clear shot ahead to be obtained. In the background is the Gateway of India.

alone, and to create a new department of the Board of Trade to administer the present duties of the Ministry of Transport. Its funds would come out of the common purse, and there would be no questions, no

[Continued overleaf.]

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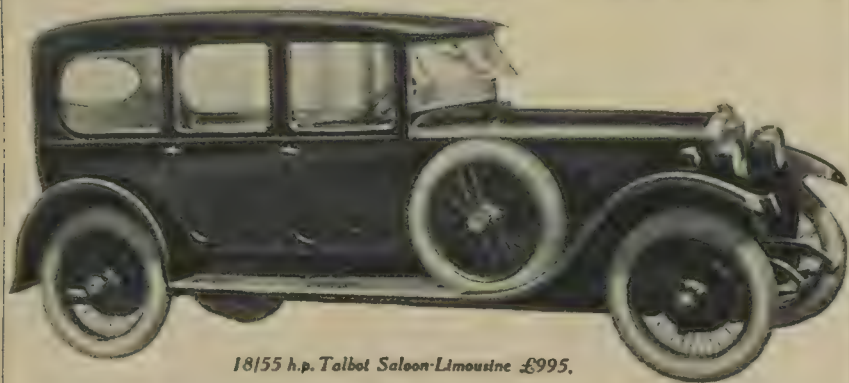
THE TIMES on 20th October, 1925

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18/55 h.p. Six-cylinder Talbot, two or five-seater, £750. Coachbuilt Saloon, £950.
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Illustrated Catalogue with full mechanical details post free on request.

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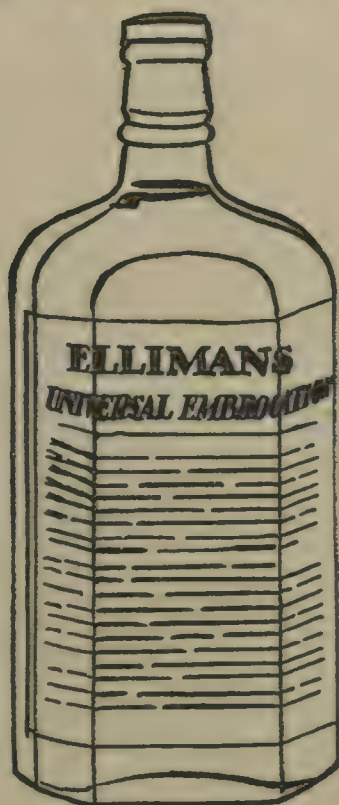
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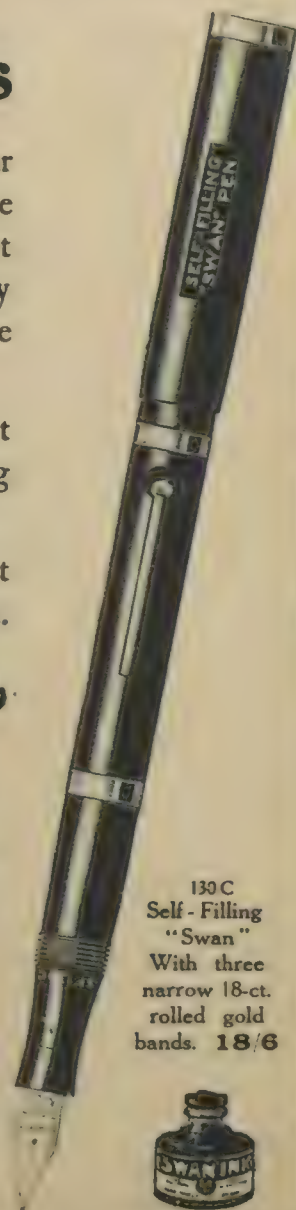
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narrow 18-ct.
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Continued.

heartburnings, about the wrongful diversion of any particular form or basis of taxation. The motor vehicle would still be taxed, possibly as heavily as it is now, but we should have a better chance to argue for reduction, because the Department concerned would no longer be able to point to the motor taxes as a definitely ear-marked contribution. These taxes would then stand in a position exactly on an equality with any other, and could be discussed on their merits, which they are not at the present time.

An Outstanding Sunbeam Victory.

One of the most strenuous motor-ing trials organised since the war was the recent Russian reliability test from Leningrad to Moscow, then on to Tiflis and back to Moscow. The trial was conducted under the supervision of a special technical committee, who appear to have known their business, and provided an extremely searching test under the most arduous conditions. However, it provided an opportunity for another outstanding performance by a Sunbeam car. This was a 16-40-h.p. car, of a type which has been out of production for some considerable time, and which had already covered a large mileage prior to the event. It was, moreover, a standard vehicle in every respect. As a result of the trial this Sunbeam was awarded the first prize, its performance being the more remarkable in that it led the procession, and was thus, in a way, the pioneer car of the expedition. How exacting was the trial may be judged from the fact that at the end of the journey the cars were examined in every detail by the committee; even to the use of stethoscopes to detect unusual noises in the engines.

W. W.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

H C S COLEBATCH (Northam, Western Australia).—Your spirited effort to solve Problem No. 3966 by 1. R to R 4th (ch) fails because you have overlooked that after 2. P to Q 8th (Queens and checks) Black can reply with, 2. — Kt to K 2nd, when there is no mate next move. It will be well for you in future to note the advice we are incessantly giving—never to expect a solution beginning with a check to be the right one.

JOHN NEDER (Cincinnati, Ohio).—Your try for No. 3969 is bold, but not, we are compelled to say, so successful as you anticipate. After Black plays 2. — P takes P, where does mate follow? We hope you will try again, but kindly read what is said above about beginning a solution with a check.

JOHN M Tso (Hong Kong).—For a first effort in solving you have done very well, but have not quite succeeded. In No. 3966, after 1. P to Q 8th (Queens), Black replies with 1. — Q to B sq (ch), and no mate can be given in two more moves. In No. 3967 you have grasped the composer's idea, but the Queen is moved to the wrong square. Instead of 1. Q to Q 3rd, 1. Q to Kt 3rd is the correct solution.

J WALTER REYNOLDS (City of London Club).—Thanks very much for your kind letter and promise. We trust you shepherded your flock home without misadventure.

B STEINHART (Montgomery, Alabama).—"Chess Recipes" is published by the Chess Amateur, Stroud, Glos., and the price is 3s. 4d., post free in England. You will have to add to this the excess in the cost of postage to America.

E H C (Dulwich).—We congratulate you on your marked success with both problems, and trust that the pleasures of "tracking suggestion to its inmost cell" will be provided for you in further positions.

E BOSWELL (Lancaster).—We are much obliged for your further contribution, and note with pleasure your continued successes both as a composer and as a solver.

Our warmest thanks are returned to the numerous correspondents who have sent us kindly greetings of good wishes for the New Year.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3970.—By MESSRS. WIGAN AND STURGESS.

WHITE

1. Kt to B 4th

2. Mates accordingly.

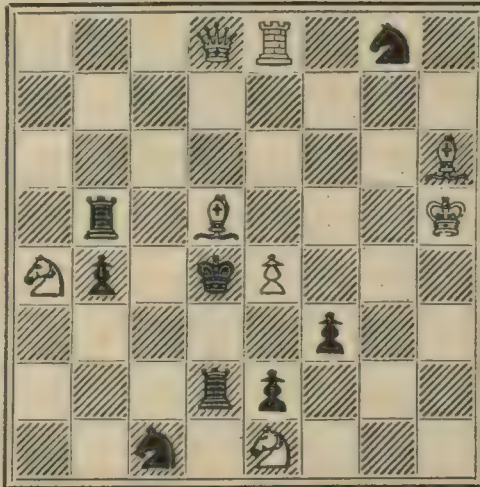
BLACK

Anything

Rather easy of solution, on account of Black's limited resources in reply, but some of the mates are pretty and well arranged. Generally however, the position is too slight in construction for modern two-move standards, although it has met with a fair reception from our solvers.

A QUEENSLAND GREETING FOR THE NEW YEAR.

PROBLEM No. 3972.—By ARTHUR MOSELEY, BRISBANE.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3969 received from E H C (Dulwich), and E Pinkney (Duffield); of No. 3970 from W C D Smith (Northampton), P J Wood (Wakefield), R B Pearce (Happisburgh), J Hunter (Leicester), L W Cafferata (Newark), C H Watson (Masham), W Kirkman (Hereford), R B N (Tewkesbury), C B S (Canterbury), H W Satow (Bangor), A Edmeston (Worsley), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), R C Durell (Hendon), J T Bridge (Colchester), S Caldwell (Hove), J C Kruse (Ravenscourt Park), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), J P Smith (Cricklewood), S J Cole (Devizes), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), H Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), R P Nicholson (Crayke),

M E Jowett (Grange-on-Sands), and H Griffiths (Mumbles, Swansea); and of No. 3971 from C H Watson (Masham), J Hunter (Leicester), L W Cafferata (Newark), R B Pearce (Happisburgh), H W Satow (Bangor), J P Smith (Cricklewood), A Edmeston (Worsley), and S Caldwell (Hove).

CHRISTMAS NUTS.

We are compelled by want of space to hold over solutions and list of solvers for our next issue.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Game played in the Premier Tournament of the Hastings Chess Festival between MESSRS. ALEKHINE and R. P. MITCHELL.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	15. Q to K 3rd	Kt to B 5th
2. P to Q 4th	P to K 3rd	16. Q to K 3rd	Kt (at B 5th) to Kt 3rd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	17. P to K 5th	Q R to Kt sq
4. B to Kt 5th	B to K 2nd	18. Kt to K 4th	Kt to Q 2nd
5. P to K 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd	19. Kt to Q 6th	P to B 3rd
6. Kt to B 3rd	Castles		
7. R to B sq	P to B 3rd		
8. B to Q 3rd	P takes P		
9. B takes B P	Kt to Q 4th		
10. B takes B	Q takes B		
11. Kt to K 4th	R to Q sq		
12. Castles	Kt to B sq		

The defence has followed so far old-fashioned book lines, and cannot be said to have resulted in an unfavourable position. The opportunity now arrives, however, for the development of mid-game tactics, and the initiative is in the hands of a great master of the art.

13. Q to K 2nd B to Q 2nd
14. Kt to B 5th B to K sq
15. P to K 4th

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It is with deep regret we have learned that, two days before Problem No. 3969 was published, its composer, Mr. O. H. Labone, met with a tragic death in his home at Blackpool. The deceased was a frequent contributor to this column, both of games and problems, all of unusual merit, and in Lancashire he held a prominent position as one of the best players in the county. He was a capable exponent of both blind-fold and simultaneous play, while on the one occasion he met Lasker he was strong enough to obtain a draw against the world's champion. He was President of the Blackpool Chess Club, and in the wider field of problem construction his skill gave him an honourable place. In the Max Mayer Memorial Tournament, open to the world, he gained the commendation of the judges, and a problem of his we published in May last (No. 3955) was considered by many competent authorities to be a masterpiece of modern composition.

The Hastings Chess Festival brought one more of its famous gatherings to a conclusion with the following results. Premier Tournament—Alekhine and Vidmar tied for first place with 8½ points each, and Seitz and Mitchell for third place with 5 points each. The Major Open Tournament went to Teller with 7½ points, Stevenson being second with 6 points. The Major Reserve Tournament ended in a draw between Lean and Littlejohn for first place. Neither Alekhine nor Vidmar lost a game, and they drew against each other in the round that brought them together.

The Major Tournament of the London Chess League has been won by W. Winter with the fine score of 8½ out of a possible 9; while the other placings have to be determined by subsequent play. The Boys' Championship Tournament terminated in a triple tie, which has also to be played off at a later date.

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THE directors of Westminster Bank, Ltd., have declared a final dividend of 10 per cent. in respect of the £20 shares, making 20 per cent. for the year, and a final dividend of 6½ per cent. on the £1 shares, making the maximum of 12½ per cent. for the year. The dividends will be payable (less income tax) on Feb. 1.

"Nippy's Birthday Number" is the title of the first and only issue of a special illustrated paper published on New Year's Day by Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., at Cadby Hall, Kensington, at the price of twopence. "Nippy," as everyone knows, is the nickname of the Lyons girl, and this publication commemorates her birth, which, we learn, took place on Jan. 1, 1925. "Nippy," now a person of world-wide popularity, symbolises public service, the efficiency of woman, and the welfare of women workers. All these ideas are embodied in this interesting and

amusing paper, which includes articles by Miss Margaret Bannerman, Miss Peggy O'Neil, and Mr. J. R. Clynes, M.P., with many drawings and photographs. It also has a philanthropic purpose, for the net proceeds of the sale of 250,000 copies—expected to reach over £1000—are to be divided between two newspaper charities—the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution and the Convalescent Home for Retail Newsagents.

"The Royal Blue Book Court Guide," price 7s. 6d., is one of the indispensable volumes for all who live in London, as it gives the names and addresses, with telephone numbers, of all the occupiers of houses in the residential districts of London, taking the area as bounded on the north by Hampstead, the Chelsea region on the south, Bloomsbury on the east, and West Kensington on the west. It also contains a classified trade section, a specially drawn street map, and many useful lists, such as the Royal Households,

the Upper and Lower House, principal clubs, and a selected list of golf clubs within reach of London, together with the name of the secretary, the nearest railway station, and telephone number. The edition for 1926 is now on sale.

The fifty-second annual edition of that admirable work of reference, "Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes for 1926," is now on sale. It is a volume which not only offers absolutely reliable information, and provides a complete list of the members of both the Upper and the Lower House, short biographies of all titled, landed, and official gentry, and a complete section devoted to the Royal Family, but also all necessary information in regard to precedence, relative rank in the Navy, Army, and Air Force, and other subjects. It is printed and published in a particularly compact and "handy" form, and is likewise one of the indispensable reference books which should have a place in every library.



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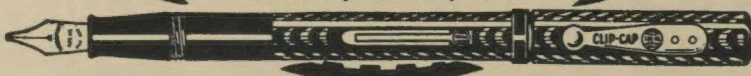
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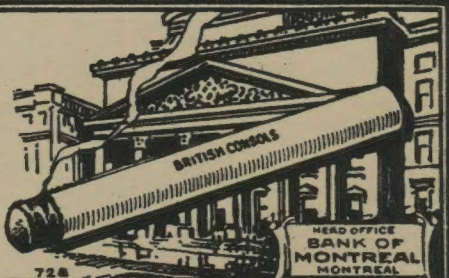
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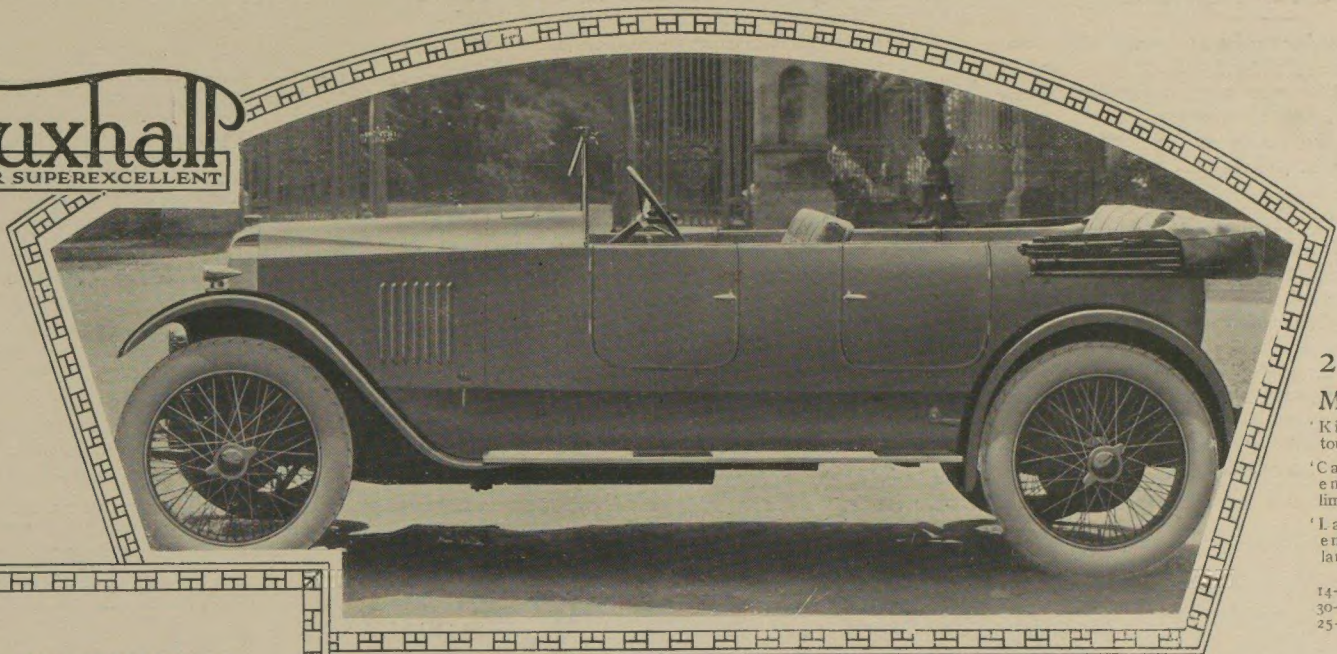
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